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METAMORA,

THE

FOREST KING.

BY CAPT. FRANK ARMSTRONG.

A. W. Aiken

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METAMORA, THE FOREST KING.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLYMOUTH SCOUT.

HIGH up on the crest of the hill that encircled Plymouth town—in the little grave-yard where rested the bones of some of the Pilgrim Fathers—stood a stalwart man, gazing down upon the sea-shore. Though a white man yet he was clad in a motley garb, half Puritan, half Indian. He wore the somber-colored doublet so common to the colonists, but his lower limbs were incased in the buck-skin leggins of the savage, curiously ornamented with porcupine-quills, stained with various pigments. The broad leather belt that girded his waist, supported a heavy hunting-knife, whose long, keen blade was not hid by a sheath. Upon his feet were the moccasins of the red-man, although his head was protected by the broad-brimmed hat of the Puritans. The woodman—for such he evidently was—was quite a young man—probably not over twenty-five, with a frank face and a pleasant smile. His large brown eyes—that looked black ten paces off—were honest ones—eyes that looked straight at either friend or foe. His brown hair was cropped tightly to the head, Puritan fashion. This man was known as Enoch Andrews—renowned throughout all the colony as a master of wood-craft though young in years. Andrews had come as a boy to New England, and instinctively had taken to the wild life of the forest. A splendid shot with the rifle—a keen eye on the trail, and brave as a lion, not a red warrior of New England but acknowledged him as a peer. The elders of the colony—although at first frowning upon the wayward youth, who knelt not at prayer, dressed not in their sober garb, but preferred the freedom of the woods to the restraints of civilization, soon grew to respect him. When the fierce Narraganset warriors poured like a blast of flame upon the unprotected whites, and the smoke of their burning dwellings filled the air, Enoch Andrews' rifle did good service, and

many a plumed chief bit the dust, stricken unto death by the ball of the woodman. Then, too, Andrews led the New-England troops through the pathless forest to the stronghold of the red-men, and thus enabled them to deal that terrible blow which broke the power of the Narraganset tribe, and relieved Plymouth of a dreaded foe. Cónanshet, sachem of the Narragansets, was killed in the fight by Andrews in a fair hand-to-hand encounter—an event that gave the victory to the colonists, for the Indians fled in dismay at the death of their chief.

So, throughout the colony the brave Enoch was honored, his wayward ways were all forgotten, and proudly the settlers termed him the "Plymouth Scout."

Andrews had been absent from the village for some time on a hunting-excursion to the Connecticut, and therefore the sight on the beach below surprised him. Some arrival of importance, evidently, for all the elders of the colony were there, headed by Sir Guy Godalmin, the Governor.

And it was indeed as the scout had surmised. Lord Fitzarnold, the newly commissioned successor to Sir Guy, had just landed from the ship in the harbor, and was then being introduced to the assembled dignitaries.

"Some one of rank, evidently," he said, as, leaning on his rifle, he watched the landing of the splendidly-dressed nobleman. "He looks like a soldier," he continued. "If what I have heard among the Mohawks and the Nipmucks be true, regarding Metamora's designs upon the colony, we shall need all the soldiers that we can muster. I would like to see land a half-thousand more just like him!"

"The white brave speaks with a straight tongue," said a deep, guttural voice close at the elbow of the woodman. Andrews turned in some little astonishment and beheld an Indian standing by his side. The approach of the red-man had been so noiseless, that even the keen ear of the scout had not detected it.

With curiosity Andrews looked upon the Indian. The features of the savage were strangely familiar, and yet, for the moment, the scout could not remember where he had met the chief.

The Indian was dressed in the usual deer-skin garb peculiar to the red-men, and though the style and trimming of the

dress showed plainly to the experienced eye of Andrews that he belonged to Metamora's tribe—the Wampanoags, yet the scout could not remember that he had ever met the man before him, in their wigwams. There were few chiefs, too, of the Wampanoags, of any note, that Andrews did not know.

"My white brother does not remember the red chief," said the Indian, as he noticed the puzzled look of the scout.

"Well—no, chief," replied Andrews, somewhat astonished that he could not remember; "I can't say that I do remember you, and yet your face and voice both are familiar to me."

"Does my brother remember the big river many sleeps from here?" asked the savage, and he waved his hand toward the west as he spoke.

"The Connecticut?" questioned Andrews.

"Yes."

The scout nodded in the affirmative.

"Many moons ago a brave of the Mohegan tribe met the king of the forest—the black bear—in single fight. The brave was a great warrior—many scalps of the Narraganset and Mohawk hung in his wigwam. The brave killed the bear but his flesh was torn by the claws and teeth of the forest chief. The red-man laid down to die by the side of the swift waters—he sung his death-song and waited for the big sleep to come. But, Manitou was not ready to place the red chief in the happy hunting-grounds. He sent a pale-face warrior to aid the red-man. The pale-face bathed the wounds of the Mohegan chief—bound them up with strips of deer-skin, and gave him fire-water to drink. The heart of the red-man is big; he remembers the white chief that saved his life, though the chief has forgotten him." Then the Indian extended his hand toward the scout, to greet him after the fashion of the whites. Andrews grasped the hand warmly.

"Agawam, the Mohegan chief!" cried the scout, who now remembered the man whose life he had saved.

"No!" responded the chief. "The rattlesnake changes his skin, so the red chief has changed his name—changed also his tribe! Many moons ago, by the big fresh river—the Connecticut—the chief was called Agawam, and was a brave of the Mohegans. Now, he is called Namattah, and is a Wampanoag."

The scout looked at the Indian in astonishment. For a

red-man to change his name and tribe was something wonderful, and Andrews, with all his experience in the customs of the red-men, had never come across a similar instance.

"I can not understand my red brother," said the scout.

"Wah! it is plain," returned the savage. "Mohegan once, Wampanoag now. Let my brother forget Agawam and remember Namattah."

"Certainly, chief, if you request it," replied Andrews.

"My brother's heart is large—his arm strong—his head big," said the Indian, gravely. "The white chief saved the life of the red-man when he could have crushed him like a worm by stepping on him. The Indian is the foe of the pale-face, yet the white chief did not strike him when he was helpless."

"That's just the reason, chief," replied Andrews. "I don't strike a man when he's down. If you and I had met in the forest on equal terms, then it would have been your top-knot or mine. But, when I found you bleeding to death by the side of the river, why I would have been a mean coward indeed to have taken advantage of your helpless condition."

"The red-man remembers long time; he will not forget the kindness of the pale-face."

"Let that pass, chief," responded Andrews, bluntly. "I wouldn't leave a dog to die, helpless and in misery, if I could aid it, much less a human being—for we're all human, red or white."

"Good!" said the Indian, sententiously. "Let my brother open his ears, and listen; the chief will speak words that will burn like fire."

"Say on!" Andrews was somewhat astonished at the strange words of the chief.

"My brother knows of Metamora, chief of the Wampanoags?" asked the savage.

"Yes," replied the scout, "the chief whom we call King Philip."

"My brother speaks straight," said the savage. "King Philip, the chief of the Wampanoags, leads a thousand warriors. Metamora, the Forest King of New England, leads ten thousand warriors."

"What do you mean, chief?" asked the scout.

"The red-men of New England are about to meet in council, and Metamora is to be chosen king." The dark eyes of the savage flashed as he mentioned the name of the red chief, whose fame as a warrior was already so great as to win for him the title of the Forest King.

"Are you sure of this, chief?" asked Andrews, and his experienced mind saw instantly how great the change would be should any such action take place. The colony could easily cope with any single tribe, but, should a confederation take place, it would put into the field as foes every red-skin from Saco to the Connecticut.

"Namattah speaks straight," replied the Indian, proudly. "The red chiefs meet in council at Pocasset to-night. Metamora will be chosen king, the war-hatchet dug up, and the red braves will take the scalps of the white-skins."

"Are all the tribes in league with Metamora and the Wampanoags?" asked the scout, thoughtfully.

"All but the Mohawks and Mohegans. They fight for the long-knives," replied the Indian.

"Chief, I thank you for this intelligence," said Andrews, earnestly; "this timely warning will save many of my white brothers. So, chief, the debt you owe me is canceled."

"No, not while the blood is in heart of the red brave!" cried the Indian, warmly. "Metamora is a great chief—the king. Arwam—though now a dog of the Wampanoags—is Mohegan at heart; he *hates* the chief of the Wampanoags! The blood of Metamora shall redden his knife, and his scalp-lock shall hang at his belt!" The Indian spoke with fiery passion. Andrews looked upon him with amazement. That the Indian should voluntarily leave his tribe, renounce his name and join a nation whose chief he hated so bitterly, was a riddle. Enoch guessed that there must be some strong motive for all this, but what that motive was he could not divine.

"My brother will prepare the white-skins for the attack of the red-men?" the Indian asked.

"Yes," answered the scout; "but how can I learn the particulars so as to know where and when the blow will fall?"

"The council to-night will decide," replied the chief. "I will see my brother to-morrow and tell him all. Will my brother be here to-morrow at this time?"

"Yes."

"Good! He shall know." And then the Indian departed.

"This will be news indeed!" exclaimed Andrews, as he descended the hill to the town. The cavalcade from the bench had preceded him. Lord Fitzarnold, having accepted the proffer of Sir Guy's hospitality, turned to ascend the hill facing the landing, when his eyes fell upon a maiden of such rare and exquisite beauty, that, forgetful of his surroundings, he paused and gazed upon her in astonishment.

"I did not think to behold one so beautiful on these wild shores," he said.

Sir Guy smiled, and a flush of undisguised pleasure crimsoned his face, as he called:

"Come hither, Maud."

The blushing girl advanced.

"This, Lord Fitzarnold, is my daughter Maud.

"Your daughter, Sir Guy! Then happy am I to have accepted of your hospitality if it brings me her society. Lady, will you honor me with your arm?"

The timid Maud, quite frightened by such a compliment, took the proffered arm.

"How beautiful you are!" whispered the lord. Fresh from the dissolute court of the gay Charles II, where compliments were simply court language, he showered the poor child with such expressive flatteries as quite astounded her, compelling Sir Guy to the rescue.

"Bred in this far away place, my lord, my daughter is unused to courtly phrase; so you must excuse her silence. She will know thee better upon acquaintance?"

"That she shall! the forest flower!" he answered, kissing her hand to his lips.

Upon which act Maud showed unmistakable signs of displeasure.

And so did Reuben Tsmowd, Sir Guy's secretary, who had been present at the reception. Hearing the elegant speeches of Lord Fitzarnold evidently had not made him a happier man.

"Confound his audience!" he muttered. "Here have I known Miss Maud for years, yet never have presumed upon such liberties! He will bear watching!"

CHAPTER II.

THE FOREST KING.

THE mantle of night had descended upon the earth. The still waters of the little pond of Wattuper in Pocasset (now the town of Tiverton) reflected back the dim light of the stars, which began to appear singly, one by one, in the dark-blue sky. The croak of the frogs in the marshes by the little sheet of water and the dismal cries of the night-birds were the only sounds that broke on the still air. And yet the woods by the pond were full of life—human life:

In the center of the wood was a little open space—nature's clearing—now filled with the rudely-constructed wigwams of the red-men. Five hundred painted warriors were in the woods of Pocasset.

Metamora, the Forest King, was about to hold a grand council.

The council-lodge was erected in the center of the little clearing; in a circle, surrounding it, were the lodges of the warriors.

The council-lodge was well filled by the red chiefs. A fire blazing in the center cast its glare upon the dusky forms that surrounded it, and gave light for the council.

The warriors were seated in a circle around the fire. Metamora, seated upon a bear-skin, towered a head above the other chiefs. Well had he been named the Forest King. Not a brave was there in all New England that could cope single-handed with the Wampanoag chief. Few men, even among the whites, could handle the rifle as well as he. And tall, stout and unscrupulous as he was, yet his tread was like the tread of the cat, and supple and wily as that animal was he.

Not only was Metamora renowned on the war-path, but in council also. The whites had early discovered that this chief was no common savage, but a man of brains and skill, though his skin was red, and the wild forest had been the school in which he had been reared. The whites had aptly named him

King Philip, and the Macedonian conqueror was not disgraced by his New-England namesake.

Metamora, from boyhood, had detested the pale-faced strangers, who were so slowly but surely driving his race back from the "Big Salt Lake," as the Wampanoags termed the ocean. The sagacious savage soon discovered that it was useless for a single tribe to war upon the whites. The overwhelming defeats of the Pequods and Narragansets had convinced him of that.

The able chieftain then resolved to unite all of the New-England tribes in a grand confederation, and then attack their enemy at all points at the same time.

So, to the council in the woods of Pocasset came the chief braves of the Pawtuckets, the Nipmucks, the Sacs, the Tarranteens, and the Narragansets, besides representatives from other tribes. The Mohawks and the Mohegans alone refused to join in the confederation, and remained faithful to their treaties with the colonists.

One by one the chiefs had risen in the council-lodge and pledged their warriors to Metamora. The messengers that had been sent to stir up the distant tribes against the common foe, made their reports.

Then the Forest King rose, and as he began to speak, there was silence in the council-lodge, and the red warriors leaned forward anxiously, to catch the words of the great chief.

"Sachems, chiefs and warriors," began Metamora, in the full, deep voice that had won him such renown as an orator, "Metamora has told his brothers of the many insults and aggressions of the pale-faces. He has told them that the heart of the white man is like his face, pale and without blood."

A hum of approval went round the circle of dark forms, as they listened to these words.

"The white man talks of peace," continued the warrior, "but Metamora tells his brothers that their big canoes are still landing from over the Big Salt Lake, filled with rifles, thunder-guns, and their long knives of war. What are these for?" and the red chief swept his dark eye around the circle of faces as he asked the question. "Metamora will tell his brothers. They are to drive the red-man from his lands—shoot him down like the deer-herd and fire his wigwam!"

Many a dark eye in the circle of chiefs flashed fire, many a hand grasped the handle of the hunting-knife, as the full voice of the red chief thundered out the charge against the English settlers.

"What shall the red-man do?" demanded the chief. "Shall he crouch like the dog who is beaten? No! let him arouse and scream like the eagle when the snake seeks his nest! Let him rush upon his foe—protect the land of his fathers. Let the keen edge of the ax of vengeance defend the squaws and doves of the red-men from the fire-hail of the white-skins! Let the red-men of New England dig up the war-hatchet and bury it not again while the track of the high moccasin insults the graves of our fathers!"

The effect of this fiery speech could easily be seen in the fierce eyes and passion-moved faces of the red braves.

When Metamora had finished and again taken his seat, an old chief arose.

"My brothers have heard the words of the chief of the Wampanoags, who is as wise as the serpent and as brave as the eagle. The words of Metamora are good—his brothers have listened with open ears, and they have sunk deep into their hearts. The red-men of New England will rise in their might and drive the long-knives into the Big Salt Lake. They will strike all together from the Penobscot to the Connecticut, and Metamora, the lion chief, shall be our king. Mog Magone is the great chief of the Saco tribe, but he and his warriors will follow the lead of Metamora."

Then the chief of the Sacos resumed his seat. The loud hum of approval told how well the braves of the council had received his words.

Briefly the delegates from the other tribes tendered their warriors to the Wampanoag chief and acknowledged him as their sovereign. And ere the council was done, the details of the rising were perfected.

With a heart beating high with joy at the success of his plans, after the council Metamora sought his lodge.

In the lodge of the red chief—which was dimly lighted by a little fire blazing in its center—sat an Indian girl, by a bear-skin couch on which lay an infant, wrapped in skins. The infant was evidently ailing, and the Indian girl—its mother—

watched it with eager eyes. The Indian maid was called Nameokee. The flower was she of the Wampanoags, and the wife of the great chief, Metamora.

In person the Indian girl was fair to look upon, although her skin was dark, colored by her Indian blood. But her black, lustrous eyes were brightness itself; her step as light as any young fawn's that roamed through the Plymouth woods; her form as perfect as ever sculptor carved out of silent marble, yet possessing all the subtle grace of the clinging vine. It was little wonder that Nameokee had caught the fancy of the Forest King.

Metamora started in surprise when he entered his wigwam and beheld his wife by the side of the sick child. The chief had been absent for two days, and had returned just in time to participate in the council, so that he had not seen his wife and child for some little time.

"Nameokee, what ails our young dove?" cried the chief, in alarm.

"The pale-faces upset my canoe on the Salt Lake. I bore my child to land, but I fear that he will never again smile upon his mother," sadly replied Nameokee.

Metamora's brows grew dark and his eyes flashed fire as he listened to the story of the cruel outrage.

"Ugh!" cried the chief, in his deep tones, "Nameokee is a water-bird in the stream; but the white man is an alligator, and the chief of the Wampanoags will hunt him—hunt him to his very nest, and feed the crow tribes on the flesh of his young!" Terrible was the expression on the face of the red chief as he uttered the menacing words.

"Metamora, look!" cried Nameokee, in dismay, as she gazed upon the quivering form of the infant, "our young brave sickens from the water, and shakes like the aspen-leaf!"

"So shall the father of the white child shake when Metamora comes and howls in his wigwam!" cried the King, fiercely.

"No, no, Metamora, do not seek the wigwam of the pale-faces!" exclaimed Nameokee, in alarm. "They are strong—they will kill thee!"

"Nameokee is a squaw," returned the chief; "it is but natural that she should fear. Metamora is a warrior, and

does not know what fear is!" and the chief drew himself up proudly. "The white man brings mines of powder across the Big Salt Lake, many arms and warriors. What are these for but to drive the red-man from his home and destroy his race forever? This he will do even if the red braves show him the pipe of peace instead of the tomahawk."

Then the infant lying on the couch of skins moved its little form convulsively—a gasp or two, and the spirit of the young brave of the Wampanoags fled from the cold earth to the happy hunting-grounds of the red-men. The child of Metamora was dead.

Stern was the frown upon the forehead of the chief as he looked upon his dead boy and the weeping mother.

"The cold waters of the Salt Lake have chilled his heart—the cold hand of the dark shadow is upon him," said the Indian chief, sadly. And then, when he thought of the authors of the wrong, all the fire of his Indian blood leaped into being. "The white man has caused this!" he cried. "The blood of Metamora rises in his veins like the waters in the mouths of our rivers, but it shall not fall like them—no! not till the rock it springs from is swept away!"

Nameekee guessed some fearful meaning in the words of the red brave.

"The words of Metamora are strange—Nameekee can not understand them."

"Listen, Nameekee, and let the words of the red chief sink deep into thy heart," said the Forest King. "Metamora has seen the tribes of the pale-faces grow big and flourish, and his heart was sad. The shadow of the white man is too big—it shuts out the sunshine from the Indian. The sound of the ax has echoed the door from the hunting-grounds. But Metamora will hunt no more. He has talked with his red brethren, and their thoughts are with him. Before a moon is over the war-path that will be untrodden, and the scalp of many white braves shall hang in the wigwams of the Wampanoags."

The voice of the chief showed how deep was his hatred to the whites.

"Metamora will not go on the war-path against the pale-faces!" cried the Indian chief, sadly. Nameekee drank the whites. A father and a brother had fallen by their hands.

"Their numbers are like the springing grass. The red-men are weak—their tribes are small. They will be swept away by the thunder-guns of the white man."

"Nameokee is a squaw, and her heart is weak," replied the chief. "The tribes of New England have made Metamora their king, and will raise the war-hatchet against the whites. The pale-faces shall be driven to their lands across the Big Salt Lake. Their scalps shall hang and blacken in the smoke of the red-man's lodges."

"Our young brave has fled to the spirit-land," murmured the mother, sadly.

"Weep not, Nameokee," responded the chief; "he is in Manitou's bosom. He will look down from the happy hunting-grounds and rejoice when he sees the red-men burst like a flame-cloud upon the long-knives. Terrible shall be the vengeance of Metamora for the loss of his young brave."

That night the Wampanoags sung the death-song over the son of Metamora, and deadly was the vengeance which they swore to execute upon the pale-faces. The storm-cloud was gathering fast—soon the lightning would burst from it.

CHAPTER III.

THE DECISION OF THE ELDERS.

IN the parlor of Sir Guy Godalmin's house sat Lord Fitzarnold, Sir Guy, and the elders of the colony.

The sober elders were greatly pleased with their new Governor. They had feared the arrival of some gay, licentious cavalier, who—fresh from Charles' court—might attempt to ingraft some of its vices upon the colony. But Lord Fitzarnold was no young, light-pated cavalier, but evidently a stern, haughty soldier. Therefore the minds of the goodly elders were greatly relieved.

The company were engaged in general conversation, when a servant entered the room, bearing the message that the Ply-

mouth scout, Enoch Andrews, desired to see Sir Guy Godalmin on particular business.

"Admit him instantly," said Sir Guy.

The servant departed.

"The Plymouth scout!" said Lord Fitzarnold, in a tone of wonder; "and who is he?"

"A woodman, my lord," answered Sir Guy, "of rare knowledge regarding the red heathens by whom we are surrounded. The best Indian-fighter in the colony, for he fears not to penetrate into the very haunts of the savages. I'll lay my life, my lord, that he comes to tell us of some new plot against the peace of the colony devised by these savages."

The entrance of the scout into the room put a stop to Sir Guy's speech.

"Welcome, Enoch!" exclaimed one of the elders, as the young man entered, "we are glad to see you."

"Ay, heartily glad!" cried Sir Guy; "you have been absent from Plymouth for some time."

"Yes, Sir Guy," answered the woodman, "on a hunting expedition to the Connecticut."

"And what news bring you from the woods, Enoch? Are the red heathen likely to again assail our borders?" demanded Sir Guy.

"Perhaps, Sir Guy, my news were better told to you alone," responded the scout.

"Oh, no; speak out!" exclaimed Godalmin: "here are none but the elders of our colony, and this gentleman is our new Governor, whom our gracious king has been pleased to send among us—Lord Fitzarnold."

With a simple inclination of the head Enoch acknowledged the respect he owed to the lord, the representative of royalty. For, truth to say, he cared little for titles, and the haughty air of Fitzarnold did not impress the simple woodman favorably.

"As you please, sir," said the scout.

"Is there danger, friend Enoch, that the savages will again attack us?" asked Sir Guy.

"Yes," replied the woodman.

"From what quarter will the danger come? From the Narragansets?"

"Yes; not only from them, but from every tribe from the Connecticut to the Penobscot."

The words of the scout burst upon the ears of the listeners like a thunder-clap. The faces of the elders grew serious at the intelligence. They knew full well that Andrews never spoke heedlessly, and without full information.

"Will the savages break their treaties with the colony, then?" asked Sir Guy, and his grave face showed how important he considered the news.

"All, except the Mohegans and the Mohawks," answered the scout; "not another tribe is to be trusted."

"This is indeed serious," said Sir Guy; "but are you sure that there is no mistake? It seems strange that all the tribes, except the Mohawks and the Mohegans, should take up arms against us."

"There is little room for doubt, Sir Guy," replied the scout; "nearly all the tribes of New England have formed a confederation against the colony."

"And who is the leader—the moving spirit of this dangerous alliance?" asked Sir Guy.

"Metamora, chief of the Wampanoags," answered the scout.

"King Philip!" cried the elders, in a breath.

The name of Metamora was indeed a spell to raise the Demon, Terror, in the minds of the colonists. The whites of New England had no foe that they dreaded more than the chief of the Wampanoags.

"This is news indeed!" exclaimed Sir Guy.

"Metamora is—or will be—chosen king of all the New-England tribes. Then the tomahawk is to be dug up and the red chiefs take the war-path against the colony."

Grave now were the faces of the elders. It was plain that, if the scout's intelligence be true—and none doubted it—the confederation headed by Metamora would deal the colonists the most terrible blow that they ever had received.

"We must prepare to meet this attack," said Sir Guy, thoughtfully. "Enoch, know you where this Metamora is to be found?"

"Yes," answered the scout; "he is now in the woods of Pocasset. The Indians held a grand council there to night."

"Will you bear a message, friend Enoch, to this red chief from the elders of the colony?—that is, if you think you can do so without endangering your life, for it would be but foolish rashness to expose thee to certain death," said Sir Guy.

"Willingly," replied the woodman; "there is little danger now. A week hence there may be much."

"Now, gentlemen, and you, my lord, I pray you listen to me. My plan is to hold a council, to which we will invite this chief—ask his grievances, and if possible make a new treaty with him," said Sir Guy.

The elders gravely bowed assent.

"Why not muster our forces and crush these reptiles?" asked Fitzarnold, haughtily.

"A difficult task, my lord," replied Sir Guy. "These savages know every foot of the forest, which to our soldiers is a trackless wilderness. Besides, the red-men are ten to one. It is better that we purchase peace until this confederation is broken up, and then, at our opportunity, we can strike the red heathen, tribe by tribe."

"Yes, my lord," said one of the elders, "Sir Guy speaks well. Let us hold a council, and if possible learn from this King Philip, his designs. If we charge him openly with the intent to make war upon us, he will then see that we know his intentions. These Indians are like tigers: they attack secretly; but if they now find that we are prepared for them, they may pause in the attack."

"As you please, gentlemen," said Fitzarnold; "I yield to your superior knowledge in this matter."

"Well, friend Enoch, bear the message to-morrow to this red chief, that on Thursday next we will hold a council, and desire his presence."

"I'll do so, Sir Guy," replied the scout.

"Think you that he will come?" asked Fitzarnold.

"Not a doubt of it, my lord," replied Sir Guy.

Then the elders and the scout departed, and an hour afterward it was known all over Plymouth town that the dreaded *Powhatan* King would soon again be on the war-path against the whites.

Many a mother hushed her babe to sleep that night with the name of *Metamora* upon her white lips.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

WHEN Maud reached the house on the return from the beach, she was glad of the opportunity to escape from the arm of the courtly Fitzarnold, to whom, in a few brief minutes, she had taken a mortal dislike. Strange it was, too; for Lord Gilbert Fitzarnold was generally a favorite with the ladies, and bore a high reputation as a gallant in the English court. But, his soft speeches and open flattery had not impressed Maud favorably; rather they had made her shrink from him. Why she should have taken such a sudden dislike to the courtly gentleman whom she had known but a few brief minutes, she herself, probably, would have found difficult to explain. But, dislike him she did, and glad was she when the arrival at her father's house gave her the desired opportunity to escape from his company.

Maud was not the only one that had taken a sudden dislike to Lord Gilbert. The humble secretary, Reuben Esmond, looked not upon the new Governor with favorable eyes. Unlike Maud, however, Reuben could have easily told why he hated Fitzarnold, for hate him he did.

Reuben felt in no mood to sit in the presence of the man he detested; so he betook himself to the garden at the back of the house, where, casting himself upon the grass, under a pear-tree, he rested his head upon his hands and thought—thought of what? Ah! it is difficult to answer that question, for in the day-dreams of the humble secretary were many a wild hope—many an earnest longing.

The rustle of a dress startled Reuben from his reverie. Starting to his feet, he saw Maud Godalmin coming down the garden walk, a book in her hand.

"Am I a wizard, that she appears at my thought?" cried Reuben to himself, as he beheld the fair daughter of Sir Gay, for, if the truth be told, Reuben Esmond had been wishing with all his heart for Maud to come. Perhaps Sir Gay

Godalmin would not have thought it well that simple Reuben Esmond should dare to think so much of his Maud, had he been apprised of the fact. Reuben had no fortune but his brains and his strong arms—poor gifts, commonly, when weighed against gold and rank. Yet Reuben Esmond loved the daughter of proud Sir Guy Godalmin. He had not dared to own, even to himself, that he loved, until this haughty stranger had fixed his bold eyes upon her and addressed his fulsome compliments to her ear. Then the truth flashed at once to the mind of the humble secretary. He loved his employer's daughter—loved the girl that there was little hope of his ever winning.

Reuben Esmond was not only poor, but lowly-born—the son of a sailor father, who had died at sea, and of a mother who, stricken with grief, did not long survive the husband's death.

Cast empty-handed upon the world when scarce fifteen, young Esmond battled manfully for existence. At last he found a haven in the household of Sir Guy. Years passed and he had grown to man's estate, side by side with blooming Maud.

Was it a wonder that he had learned to love the fair girl—he that had neither kith nor kin in the world to love? It is human nature to love. The instinct is in our own being; conquer it we can not—submit to it we must.

And so Reuben Esmond loved Maud Godalmin.

CHAPTER V.

THE STATUE BECOMES A WOMAN.

"How beautiful she is!" cried Reuben, as Maud advanced toward him. "There is but one way to destroy this hopeless passion, and that is to leave her forever. Away from her I may forget her, or if not her, forget the fatal, hopeless love that she has inspired."

"Reuben!" cried Maud, in her clear, gleeful voice, as she

came toward him. "I have been looking for you. Won't you come and read for me in the library a little while?"

"Certainly," replied the youth, looking into the fair face of the girl, and discovering new beauties in it that his eyes had never seen before.

"You have a great deal of patience with my tiresome requests, Reuben," said Maud; "you never complain, yet I am sure that I must weary you sometimes."

"No, no!" quickly replied the secretary; "it is a pleasure for me to oblige you."

"That is what you always say," cried Maud. "Reuben, you are the best-natured fellow in the world, and I'm sure I ought to love you dearly."

"I hope you will!" exclaimed Reuben, quickly, and with an intonation that a moment after he regretted, for Maud's quick ear caught the sound—the method of expression that said far more than the simple words. For a moment Maud's eyes rested on the open, honest face of Reuben; she saw at once that he had betrayed himself. Then a little bit of color flushed up into her temples, and she let her eyes fall upon the ground.

"He loves me!" Maud murmured to herself. She had guessed the truth at once.

Reuben would have given something to have recalled his words, but it was too late; the mischief was done, if mischief there was.

"This will probably be the last time that I shall read to you," said the secretary, breaking the somewhat embarrassing silence.

"The last time!" cried Maud, in surprise, again raising her eyes and gazing at the young man's face.

"I am about to leave your father's service," replied Reuben, "to go out into the world to seek my fortune."

"Why is this?" asked Maud. "Are you not comfortable here?"

"Yes, and no," replied Reuben.

"What a strange answer! Explain!" cried Maud, earnestly.

"Is not the reason plain?" asked Reuben, evasively. "I wish to better my position—to carve out my fortune. That I can not do while I remain here, your father's secretary."

"Have you told my father that you are about to leave him?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"No."

"Is not this then a sudden resolution?"

"Yes," he answered, "quite sudden; for an hour ago I did not dream of it."

The answer puzzled Maud. What could have happened in a single hour to cause this sudden determination?

"Reuben, we have grown up from childhood together—you have always been like a brother to me and I can not bear the thought that we should part," she said, earnestly. "Won't you tell me the reason?" and as she spoke she came close to his side, laid one of her dainty white hands upon his shoulder and took his hand with the other.

Reuben stood like a man in a trance. The girl he loved so dearly was by his side; his hand was clasped in hers; the warm perfume of the young girl's breath floated like holy incense about the young man's head. Reuben was in a delirium—the sweetest of all deliriums, love! He could not speak—his mind was in a maze. He was in a dream of happiness. He felt as if a single word would break the spell.

"Won't you tell me?" again Maud pleadingly asked. The fall gray eyes, that were wont to be so cold and passionless, looked into the young man's face and shone with a soft luster that ne'er had shone there before.

"Oh, Maud!" exclaimed the secretary, "I dare not tell you!"

"And why not?" asked Maud, with an arch glance of the gray eyes, now shining with a peculiar light. "Am I so terrible that Reuben Esmont, who has been my playmate—my teacher for many a long year—dares not tell me freely why he wishes to leave my father's house?"

"No, no, Maud!" cried Reuben, vainly striving to stifle in his heart the wild wish to take the fair girl in his arms, tell her that he loved her, and then abide the consequences.

"Faith, Reuben!" exclaimed Maud, "I'll bite thy little finger off if thou dost not tell me!" And with a smile she carried the young man's hand to her lips.

"Hear the truth then, Maud, since you will have it!" cried Reuben, his passion raging beyond all control. "I love you, Maud—love you dearly!"

Maud did not start at the confession. For a moment she looked into her lover's face after he had made the confession of his love.

"You love me, and yet you wish to leave me?" she said, with a smile and a blush that told Reuben Esmond that he had won the love of Maud Godalmin.

With an exclamation of joy, Reuben kissed the willing lips of the fair girl as for a moment he held her to his heart.

Had the good people of Plymouth looked upon the scene they would at once have come to the conclusion that Maud "the statue," (as the Plymouth lads had named her, in compliment to her beauty,) had become very much like Maud the woman.

Gently Maud withdrew from her lover's arms.

"You will not go?" she asked, with a bright smile, gazing with eyes full of love into the manly face of her lover.

"No, not if you wish me to stay," he answered.

"Can there be a doubt of that?" she asked, half reproachfully. "If you had not said that you were going away I should not have known that I loved you."

"But, Maud, it will be misery for me to see this laughing lord paying empty compliments to you, while I am compelled to stand by—to listen and yet say nothing," said Reuben, earnestly. "*I hate him!*"

"Let me tell you a secret, Reuben!" exclaimed Maud. "I dislike him, too."

"And do you prefer my love—the love of the humble secretary, to that of the wealthy and powerful Lord Fitzmolt?"

"Yes, Reuben—a thousand times, yes!" exclaimed Maud, impulsively.

"Maud, you make me the happiest man in all New England," said the secretary, gazing fondly into those loving gray eyes. "But, Maud, now that I know I love you and that you love me, I have a double reason for leaving your father's house and service to seek my fortune. As your father's secretary, I feel sure that he will never consent to my wedding thee; but, in the struggle for fortune I may win a name that he will not blush to see coupled with his own."

"What do you propose to do, Reuben?" the maiden asked.

"Become a soldier," the secretary replied. "The colony is ever at war with some of the Indian tribes, and fighting-men

are in demand. Thanks to my friend, Enoch Andrews, the Plymouth scout, there are few better shots with the rifle in all New England than I; and I have also some little knowledge of woodcraft. Captain Church is as lowly born and once was as poor as I, yet now he ranks as the first soldier in the colony. **He has risen—why may not I?**

"But, if you should fall by the hands of these cruel red-men in the wilderness?" asked Maud, as with terror in her face, she thought of the danger that her lover would encounter should he carry out his resolve.

"Then mourn me as one who has fallen in a glorious cause, for what can be more glorious than to die for one's country and for the girl one loves?" cried Reuben, impetuously.

"Oh, Reuben!" she murmured, "be careful for my sake."

"Maud, better die in the attempt to win you, than live and see thee lost to me because of my poverty," exclaimed Reuben.

"You will succeed, I am sure you will," she said, looking into the secretary's face with the gray eyes so full of love.

"With you for the prize, and love to spur me on, I can not fail. Let me once win a name that your father will not be ashamed of, then I can openly claim you before all the world."

"And I will wait faithfully and patiently until you do claim me," said Maud.

"I shall see your father at once, and inform him of my decision to leave his service."

"But then, after you leave the mansion, I shall not be able to see you, even though you remain in Plymouth; for of course should you visit the house my father will suspect our secret," said Maud, in dismay.

"Do you not walk sometimes on the crest of yonder hill?" And Reuben pointed to the eminence whereon was the graveyard, that we have before spoken of.

A smile passed over Maud's face at her lover's question. She understood well his meaning.

"Yes," she replied, "I do—it is my favorite walk."

"If I should happen to meet you there on Thursday, after the noon meal, there would be no harm, and possibly, by that time, I can tell you all my plans for the future," said Reuben, an answering smile appearing on his face as he suggested the appointment.

"I will come," she said.

Once again the secretary held the blushing girl in his arms—once again he touched the fresh, red lips. Perhaps it was the last embrace—the last kiss that he should ever receive from Maud Godalmin. Then the lovers returned to the house.

CHAPTER VI.

AGAWAM, THE MOHEGAN.

ON the morning following the one which had brought the new Governor into Plymouth harbor, Enoch Andrews, the scout, stood again within the little grave-yard on the crest of the hill overlooking the town. He was waiting for the appearance of the Indian, Namattah. Enoch had determined to see the brave before proceeding on his mission to the woods of Pocasset to invite the dreaded Metamora to the council of the colonists.

"What can have induced this Mohegan to leave his tribe and become a Wampanoag?" muttered the scout, as, with his eyes fixed upon the dense forest before him, that lay out in the view inland, he watched for the red brave. "To give up his name and take another, I can't understand it."

The scout did not have much time to ponder over the matter, for he had scarcely been ten minutes seated on the grave-stone, when the tall form of the Indian emerged from the shadow of the woods and came directly to him.

"My red brother has kept his word," said the scout.

"Namattah's tongue is not forked; he speaks straight," replied the Indian.

"Did the red chiefs hold a council last night in the woods of Pocasset?" asked Andrews.

"Let my brother open his ears and listen; he will hear many things," responded the Indian. "The great chiefs of the Nipmuck—the Saco—the Tarrantans—the Pequot—and the Narragansets last night in the council-house smoked the calumet of peace with the Wampanoags, and agreed.

called Metamora as their king. In a moon they will be on the war-path against the pale-faces."

"Will my brother take me to the lodge of the chief of the Wampanoags?" asked the scout.

"If my white brother will follow the steps of the red-man, he shall see the Forest King," answered the Indian.

"The chiefs of the colony are about to hold a council, and they wish the Wampanoag chief to come. They think that they can make a treaty with Metamora and prevent this threatened war."

"The Wampanoag chief will come, but all the wampan in New England will not bind him to peace. The red chief wants blood—white blood, and he will have it, though it cost him his own. The baby son of Metamora went to the spirit-land last night; his little heart was chilled to death by the white chiefs of the Big Salt Lake, who upset the canoe of the squaw and child of the Forest King on the green water."

The brow of the scout grew dark as he heard the Indian tell of the death of Metamora's son. Andrews knew the Indian character too well to doubt that the savage father would have bloody vengeance for the death of his babe.

"This is bad news, Agawann," said the scout, slowly.

"Not Agawann—Nanatah. No Metamora—Wampanoag now!" said the Indian.

"My brother hates Metamora?" questioned the woodman.

"The Forest King shall sing his death song when the arm of the red chief, who was once called Agawann, the Mahomet, strikes him!" cried the Indian, proudly.

"And if you hate Metamora, why have you left your own people to go to your uncle, and joined the Wampanoags—the tribe of the chief you hate?" asked the scout.

"The white chief saved the red horse when he was as weak as the new-birthed. Let him own his own and he shall know why the Mahomet became a Wampanoag."

"Given, chief; I listen," replied Andrews.

"Many moons ago Agawann, a Mahomet chief, left the land of his fathers by the swift-flowing river—the Connecticut—and journeyed to the rising sun. He came to the Big Salt Lake in the land of the Pawtuckets. He saw in the forest a squaw. She was as beautiful as a singing bird, and as gentle

as the dove. Agawam was a great brave in his nation. Among the Mohegan squaws are many singing-birds who would have been glad to come and sing in the wigwam of the chief; but not one of the Mohegan squaws could match with the dove that the chief saw in the woods by Mount Hope many moons ago."

"Mount Hope!" cried the astonished scout. "Why, that is the home of Metamora!"

"My brother speaks true," replied the Indian. "From a Pawtucket brave the Mohegan chief learned that the dove-squaw was a Wampanoag. For love of the Wampanoag squaw the Mohegan became a Wampanoag—Agawam became Namattah. He gave up his country, his nation, and his kin, to dwell in the land of strangers."

"Did my brother win the singing-bird for whose sake he became a Wampanoag?"

"No," answered the Indian, sadly. "When the Mohegan gave up all for the sake of the Wampanoag squaw, he did not know that she was the wife of another."

"Ah!" exclaimed Andrews, guessing at the truth. "The name of the squaw?"

"Nameokee!"

"The wife of Metamora!"

"Yes," laconically answered the chief.

"And the Mohegan chief loves the wife of the Forest King?"

"As the sun loves the earth!" exclaimed the chief, extending his hand to the fiery orb above his head.

"And that is the reason why my brother hates the Wampanoag chief?" exclaimed the scout.

"Yes," said the Indian, fiercely, while his dark eyes flashed fire. "The knife of the adopted son of the Wampanoags shall drink the blood of the Forest King; his squaw shall come and sing in the wigwam of Namattah."

"And that is the reason why you betray the designs of King Philip upon the whites?"

"My brother speaks straight," answered the Indian; "the chief of the Wampanoags shall die, but it shall be a red brave's hand that strikes the death-blow."

"Well, we won't quarrel as to that, chief," replied the

scout. "In this matter our interests are common. You desire Metamora's death so that you can possess yourself of Nameekee, his squaw. I desire his death because he is the bitter enemy of my kindred, and the colony will never have peace while he lives. But now, chief, will you conduct me to Metamora's wigwam, so that I may deliver to him the message of the elders of the colony?"

"Let my brother follow me," replied the Indian. "My white brother will not tell his brothers the story of the Mo-Logan?"

"Not a word, chief," said the scout.

"Come. Pocasset long way from here."

By the route that the Indian and scout journeyed it was some thirty miles from Plymouth to the encampment of the Indian king. So that the sun was sinking in the western skies when the twain arrived at Pocasset. Namattah bore at once the message to Metamora that one of the white chiefs from Plymouth colony desired to have speech with him.

The scout, who remained at the edge of the clearing, with his keen eyes noted many little things that convinced him that the Indians were indeed preparing to take the war-path.

"There's bloody times ahead," he muttered, as he looked upon the red warriors.

Each did not have long to wait, for Namattah soon returned, and bidding him follow, conducted him to the council-lodge, wherein sat Metamora and the principal chiefs of the Wapamongs.

Metamora cast a piercing glance upon the white messenger as he entered the lodge.

Andrews was instantly recognized by the red chiefs, for the fame of the Plymouth scout was great among the tawny warriors of all New England.

The calumet of peace being duly smoked, Metamora arose.

"The chiefs of the Wapamongs are glad to see their white brother. The white chief is a great fighting-man—his heart is big—his arm strong. He comes to talk to the red-men—their ears are open—they will listen."

Then Metamora resumed his seat.

Andrews, used to the customs of the Indians, understood

that he had received his cue to deliver his message. So he rose to his feet and addressed the warriors:

"I come to the chiefs of the Wampanoags from their white brothers by the Great Salt Lake. The white chief in two days will hold a council. They have heard that their red brothers have suffered wrong at the hands of some of the white braves. They would hear what those wrongs are, and redress them. The hearts of the white chiefs are full of love to their red brothers. They would have justice done there. If the red-men have been wronged let them tell of it; their white brothers will right that wrong."

Then the scout, having finished his speech, which he had delivered in the Indian fashion, sat down.

For a few moments there was silence in the council. The invitation had evidently taken the chiefs by surprise. On the very eve of taking the war-path against the colony, lo! and they were invited to a council to talk of peace.

The Indians were not deficient in shrewdness. They were fully aware that, if they declined the invitation of the whites, it would be looked upon as provoking war, and that would defeat their plan of striking a sudden and deadly blow upon the colonists. Metamora especially saw that the invitation could not be evaded; the difficulty must be met promptly. He therefore rose again to speak:

"The braves of the Wampanoags have heard the words of the white chief," said the Indian. "They thank their white brothers by the Big Salt Lake. The Wampanoags will send one of their chiefs to the council of the pale-faces."

Then the Indian again resumed his seat.

Andrews saw that he must leave the chief in peace, or Metamora would not come. So the scout rose again.

"The white braves respect the chief of the Wampanoags they call him King Philip because he is a noble man. It is with King Philip that they would talk. Will he come to the council? The red-men shall have justice if they will tell their wrongs."

Again the scout sat down.

Metamora sprung to his feet.

"Let my brother of the long rifle go back to his people; let him tell the white chiefs that Metamora will come to the

council of the pale-faces and tell of the wrongs that his people have suffered. The red chief has said—he will come! Let the long rifle rest to-night in the wigwam of the red-men, and to-morrow carry Metamora's answer to his people."

And so the council ended.

CHAPTER VII.

A LORD'S WOONG.

THE morning arrived on which the council of the whites, to which Metamora had been invited, was to be held. Enoch Andrews had duly returned and reported the promise of the great Wampanoag chief to attend the council.

During the time that had intervened between the day of his arrival and the morning set for the council, Lord Fitzmould had laid desperate siege to the heart of Maud Goldmin—much to her distress, for how fully she disliked the courtly lord, her conversation with Reuben Egmont plainly revealed.

But the gay courtier did not seem to realize that his attentions were displeasing to the New-England maiden. He was ever by her side—ever ready to do her service with pleasant smile and courtly compliment upon his lip.

Maud grew to dislike him more and more. She tried to show by her studied coolness that she was annoyed by his persistent admiration and endless attentions.

Gilbert Fitzmould, however, had had too many love-passages to be easily discouraged. He mistook the young girl's coolness for maidenly modesty. He did not think it possible that a maiden reared in the New-England wilderness could resist the attractions of a gallant from Charles' brilliant court.

After the morning meal Maud had retired to the solitude of her chamber, greatly to Fitzmould's disappointment. He had calculated on holding sweet converse with her till the council should call him from the soft dalliance of love to the stern duties of war. But he resolved not to be cheated out

of his interview. During his short sojourn in Sir Grey's mansion he had noticed that the little apartment wherein Gold-min kept his scanty store of books, and which was dignified by the title of "the library," was Maud's favorite resort. So, after the morning meal was over, finding that the girl had shut herself up in the seclusion of her room, Fitzarnold took possession of the library.

Ensconcing himself in a huge easy-chair and placing it with its back to the door, so that he was completely concealed from sight unless one was fairly within the room, Lord Gilbert waited.

"I don't exactly know why this girl has made such an impression upon me," he mused; "possibly, 'tis because she is so unlike all the women that I have previously fancied. There is a freshness—an innocence about her that is charming. Now I can understand why Charles forsakes the haughty Frenchwoman, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and turns to little Nell Gwynne, the orange-girl, for consolation. The freshness and simplicity of this fair New-England flower is soothing to my nature after the whirl and extravagance of court life. By Heaven, I'll win and wear her!" And Lord Gilbert brought his clenched hand down heavily upon his knee as he spoke, as if to give weight and force to the muttered resolve. "She shall be mine!" he exclaimed. "I'll confess my passion the first opportunity."

Then the door of the library opened suddenly, and Maud entered. Lord Gilbert rose from his chair, much to Maud's astonishment and chagrin. She had not anticipated his presence there. But it was too late to retreat. She felt that she was fairly entrapped into an interview with the man she now actually detested. With a low courtesy she acknowledged the elaborate bow of the lord.

"By my faith, lady, your presence is as welcome in this dull room as the soft rain to the spring flowers!" he exclaimed.

"Again at your compliments, my lord!" responded Maud.

"No, no, lady!" he replied, gallantly; "I speak the truth. I was wondering but now how I should pass the dull hours away till the business of the council should summon me; and

to! like an angel of light you have come to drive away my gloom."

"I came but to get a book," she said. "I should not have dreamed of intruding had I known that your lordship was here. I will retire and not disturb your lordship."

Maud became very uneasy under the bold glances of admiration that Fitzarnold was so freely bestowing upon her.

"Retire? By the crown of our king, no!" exclaimed the lord, hastily. "It is not often that I have the pleasure of seeing and conversing with you alone, and I would not give up this opportunity for worlds. Pray be seated."

And Fitzarnold offered the large easy-chair to the unwilling girl.

Willing or unwilling, Maud felt that she must submit to the disagreeable task of listening for a half-hour to the man, or else openly affront her father's guest. So she accepted the proffered seat.

"Lady, when I sailed from England for this colony, I had little idea what fortune had in store for me in the New World. I little dreamed that, on the rock-bound shore of Plymouth, I should find a jewel that none of the gems of the Old World I left behind can compare withal."

"You jest, my lord," said Maud, feeling painfully embarrassed, for she guessed the coming declaration.

"Maud, have you not seen the truth in my glances?" he cried. "I love you, Maud—love you as I ne'er have loved before. I have thought that I loved other women, but never have I felt a passion so deep, so intense, as the one that now fills my heart." Fitzarnold's tone showed plainly that he was deeply in earnest.

But Maud was in a terrible plight. She had endeavored to avoid this declaration. For a moment she could not reply. Then at last, with trembling voice, she spoke:

"My lord," she said, "I wish you had not spoken as you have, for I—I can not return your love."

Like a thunderbolt stricken Gilbert Fitzarnold, it would not have more astonished him than these few simple words. The possibility that his love might be rejected had never occurred to him. Like the Sultan in the eastern tale, he thought he had but to throw his handkerchief and choose where he liked.

"How?" he cried; "is it possible that I understand you rightly, Maud? You reject my love?"

"I can not do otherwise," she replied.

"You *can not*?" questioned Fitzarnold. "What do you mean?"

Maud saw that her secret was in danger.

"I do not wish to reply," she said, rising in confusion.

"Stop, Maud!" cried Fitzarnold, springing to his feet. "You owe me an explanation. If you reject my love it is but right that you should tell me why you reject it."

"My lord, I—" and Maud hesitated.

"You do not speak!" exclaimed Fitzarnold. "You have said that you *can not* accept my love: now tell me *why*."

"You have no right to ask that question!" cried Maud, the color flushing up into her cheeks.

"I claim that right!" replied Fitzarnold, an ominous look in his fierce dark eyes.

"Since you force me to answer, do not blame me if I speak the truth, or if that truth wounds you," exclaimed Maud, in desperation. "I do not love you, and I feel that I can never love you."

"Ah—indeed!" said Fitzarnold, while dark, ugly lines appeared about his mouth and eyes. "Is that the only reason?" and a piercing look was in his dark eyes as he asked the question.

"Is not that reason enough?" asked Maud, now thoroughly angry at Fitzarnold's questioning.

"Not enough to satisfy me, Maud Chelmsford," answered Fitzarnold, sternly. "I am not a boy, but a man well versed in the ways of the world—a man not easily deceived. Your father, Sir Guy, is favorable to my suit. He is willing—nay, anxious, to receive me as a son-in-law. He told me but yesterday that you were heart free, and gave me full permission to woo and win you. Your father has been deceived, Maud. You are not heart free; you have a lover. Oh, I have a keen eye for smiling faces, and I read the truth in yours a moment ago, when I offered you my love. Now, listen to me, Maud. Of course I can not guess who this lover is, that you think you love—for you are not yet old enough to know your own mind fully; but, I am satisfied that he is below you. I must

tell your father of this discovery, and he will take measures to crush this foolish passion in the bud."

"You have no right to speak thus to me, Lord Fitzarnold!" cried Maud, in anger. "The young girl, fair and gentle as she was, had a spirit of her own." "And since you know so much, let me tell you one thing that you do not seem to have guessed, and that is, I despise you, Lord Fitzarnold, and I would rather die than become your wife! And now, Lord Fitzarnold, please you to stand from the doorway and let me pass. I trust that you will not detain me in your presence longer."

Without a word, Fitzarnold stepped from the doorway and allowed Maud to leave the room.

"She shall be mine!" cried Fitzarnold, as she disappeared up the stairway. "By all the furies below, I swear that I will not resign her. I'll find means to bend Sir Gay to my will."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INDIAN'S SCORN.

In the little black-house that served as a town hall for Plymouth, were assembled the officers of the colony, Sir Gay Gordon, Lord Fitzarnold, and the military arm of the colony, represented by Captain Chilton and his soldiers. The seer, Enoch Andrews, was also present, leaning on his long staff.

The faces of the officers were grave indeed. They had already felt and learned to respect the prowess of the Wampanoag chief, who was by far the most terrible foe that had ever assailed the colonists.

"Tell me, Sir Gay, that Metacomb will come?" Fitzarnold asked.

"Without doubt, my lord, since he has given his word to do so," replied Sir Gay. "He must know that it were madness to enter into a struggle with the colonists; unless, indeed—the friendly chief has informed our friend Enoch—he has formed a union with the neighboring tribes."

"What course of action do you think it best to pursue, Sir Gay?" asked Fitzmould.

"Make a treaty of peace with him if possible," answered Sir Gay. "Do you not think, worthy friends, that that will be the best plan?" he continued, addressing the elders.

"Much the best," said one, speaking for all, while the others gravely nodded assent.

The colonists understood too well the horrors of an Indian war to enter upon one if it could be avoided.

"But, why should we parley with these reptiles?" demanded Lord Fitzmould, haughtily. "Are we not strong enough to muster our forces and exterminate them?"

The elders shook their heads in alarm at the soldier's summary method of dealing with the red-skins.

"Ah, my lord," said Sir Gay, "you are as yet a stranger in the colony. You do not understand the habits of these savages. We might, as you say, exterminate them, but not without much trouble and bloodshed. This Metamora once before carried the knife and brand all along our borders, and had we not been assisted by the friendly tribes of Mohicans and Mohawks, it would have fare'd hard with us. An Indian war is an evil which it is better to avoid if possible. Hostilities must be our last resource."

"Doubtless you are right, Sir Gay. How do you intend to proceed with this chief when he comes?" asked Fitzmould, who saw plainly that the sentiment of the council was against war.

"I shall charge him with preparing for the war-path against the colony, despite the treaty of peace he has made with us. Also, with endeavoring to form the neighboring tribes into a confederacy hostile to the whites," said Sir Gay.

"The plan is good," observed Fitzmould, thoughtfully. "But, if this chief has really an intention of taking no arms against us, and is as skilful and cunning as he is reported to be, he will not be apt to put himself in our power."

"What think you, Captain Church—you have had some experience—will the chief come?" asked Sir Gay.

"If he has given his word to attend the council," said the soldier, "I'll wager my rapier against a crown-piece that he will come."

"And what thinkest thou, Enoch Andrews—thou knowest the habits of these red Indians—will the chief of the Wampanoags come?" asked Sir Guy.

"He gave me his word to attend the council, and if he comes not, then I know naught of wood-craft," said the scout.

"You see, my lord, there can be no doubt but that Metamora will come."

"But, Sir Guy," said Fitzarnold, "suppose this chief refuses to sign a treaty of peace?"

"Then he must be detained," returned Sir Guy, significantly. "He is too noble a leader for these savages, to be at large and a terror to our colony. So, Captain Church, if I give you the signal, precipitate yourself upon this chief, and kill rather than suffer him to escape. The dead body of Metamora is worth a thousand redskins armed and in the field against us."

Sir Guy had hardly finished speaking when a form darkened the open doorway, and the next instant Metamora, the Wampanoag chief—the Forest King, strode into the council-chamber.

His abrupt entrance surprised the council. All gazed in wonder at the manly-looking form of the muscular chieftain, and for a few moments there was silence.

Metamora swept his glittering eyes, that shone with lurid light like coals of fire, around upon the astonished pale-faces.

"You've sent for me, and I've come!" said the savage, in the deep voice which so terribly, in days gone by, had rung out the war-whoop upon the ears of the colonists, when he had driven their panic-stricken soldiers before him in the dense forest. A moment the savage waited for a reply. Then he spoke again.

"If you've nothing to talk about—nothing to do, I'd go back again."

Sir Guy G. Clinton at last found his voice.

"Metamora," he said, "we have been informed that you have not only called your own warriors together for the purpose of waging war upon the colony, but that you have also endeavored to join the other tribes into a confederacy with you

to rush in upon their white brethren—slaughter them—burn their dwellings.”

These words betrayed to the chief that his secret plan for overthrowing the power of the pale-faces had in some way become known to them, yet the muscles of his iron-like face never quivered.

“Ugh! the Wampanoag does not wish to harm his white brethren,” said the savage, evasively, “but if the first be stricken hard it will show that its heart is fire.” The voice of the Indian king swelled out loudly upon the ears of the council, as he made the covert accusation.

“I understand what you mean. You allude to some wrong or oppression that the red-men complain of, and of which, possibly, the whites are not guilty,” said Sir Guy.

“Not guilty!” cried Metamora, in scorn, while the glance of fire he cast around caused many an elder’s face to whiten and his knees to shake, though the red chief was alone and in the midst of Plymouth town. “Not guilty!” repeated the Forest King, in double scorn. “Their false tongues have lapped up the blood of my heart. The harmless dove of the Wampanoag king was plunged beneath the dark waters of the Big Salt Lake—the cold stream chilled his little heart. His shade flutters around my head, and with a big voice calls on the tribe of his fathers to give it blood for blood!”

Like the knell of doom rung the voice of the Forest King upon the ears of the white council. The chiefs nervously glanced into the air above the head of the red chief as if expecting to see there the spirit of the murdered child. Their hearts were chilled, though the words of the Wampanoag were words of fire.

Metamora paused but for a moment in his speech.

“Have they not done this?” he demanded, ringing out the question with all the thunder of his deep voice. “And yet you say they are not guilty!” Withering was the tone of scorn with which the untutored red-man—the son of the wilderness, pronounced the simple words.

Sir Guy had been informed by the scout, Enoch, of the cowardly outrage that had been committed upon the wife and child of the Wampanoag chief, and he knew it would be useless to deny the agency of the whites in the matter.

"Metamora," he said, slowly, "your assertion is too true. But no one more deeply regrets the outrage than myself. I shall take every measure to discover and punish the offenders. But the whole body of the white men should not be held responsible for the acts perpetrated by a few lawless individuals." But Sir Grey might as well have talked with the howling winds that roared through the Plymouth pines, or tossed the white caps of the breakers that dashed upon the Plymouth rocks, as to try to convince the chief of the Wampanoags that the white men were not hostile to the Indians.

"The shades of my murdered kindred rise in the morning mist and sing the death-song of my tribe in my ear," exclaimed the red chief, solemnly. "The angry spirits of my fathers cry war from the war-cloud, and ten thousand warriors answer it in the war-dance. From hill to hill and from vale to vale the smoke of many watch-fires rolls up in a war-cloud that will hide the sun's face, and burst upon you in arrows of fire. The pale-eyes has dashed down the red-man's pipe of peace, and its ashes are scattered to the many winds!" Loud and threatening was the voice of the Forest King.

The faces of the others showed their fear as they listened to the bold words of the Wampanoag chief. The face of Fitzarnold, however, was red with passion. The English lord could not resist the haughty defiance of the savage.

"The Wampanoags are execrable wretches, who thirst for the blood of the English!" cried Fitzarnold, in a rage. "The white men have never wronged them, but have always felt and manifested a kindly feeling toward them; and though we desire nothing but peace, yet, if war alone can satisfy the Wampanoags, we are brave enough and well enough prepared to give them blow for blow!"

The colonists listened in alarm to the angry words of the English lord. They desired peace above all things, and knew full well that the way to that peace did not lie in defying the Indian king.

A cold shiver passed over the Wampanoag's face as he listened to the words of Fitzarnold. Contemptuous was his glance as he scanned the Englishman from head to foot.

"Ugh!" and the deep, guttural sound showed the contempt of the Indian for the threatening words that he had heard;

"the white man talks big—Metamora knows not fear!" And the Indian drew his stately form to its utmost height.

"The red chief has stood upon the king of hills when the gray mists were at his feet, and the Great Spirit passed by him in his wrath. The rocks crumbled at the flash of Manitou's eye. Then he felt proud and laughed. Metamora fears no man, and will not turn upon his heel to save his life."

Proud was the glance of defiance that the red king cast upon the council.

"Metamora has heard the pale-face chiefs talk—he has talked to them, but Metamora talks to them no more. He will return to his wigwam, and let the white hunter beware of the panther." Then the chief turned upon his heel to depart.

"Stay, chief!" cried Sir Guy, "we are not done."

Metamora turned again, and faced the whites.

"Speak—the red-man listens," said the Indian, sternly.

"Metamora, what say you to our charge that you have tried to excite the neighboring tribes to go upon the war-path against their white brothers?" asked Sir Guy.

"Who says that Metamora has done this?" replied the Indian, evading the question.

"An Indian of your own tribe."

"One of my own tribe—a Wampanoag?" asked the chief, in scorn.

"Yes."

"And will the pale-faces listen to the words of a traitor?" demanded the chief. "The dog of a Wampanoag that betrays his king has the heart of a pale-face—his soul is too small for an Indian. Bring him before me—let Metamora look in his eye, and like an eagle he will scare him to death with his glance!"

"This violence, Metamora, is no answer to the charge," said Godalmin, sternly.

The cloud on the brow of the savage—the fierce glances of his eye, all gave warning of the coming storm. Soon it burst.

"White-hearted sagamores!" cried the Wampanoag chief, while his face was convulsed with passion, "your hands have thrown the first tomahawk of war at the red-man! Your robes

smell of the blood of my tribe! You bear justice on your lips and on your tongues, but there is no justice in your hearts!"

The elders cowered at the fierce torrent of angry words hurled at them by the enraged Indian. They knew full well the justice of his words.

"When a pale-face proves a snake unto his tribe, you punish him—you kill him. When a red-man proves a snake unto his tribe, we punish him—we kill him, too. But the pale-faces hunt and kill the chiefs that do our bidding! They kill all but the snake that betrays the red-man: and still they talk of justice; but all their justice talk is a lie to the Indian."

Sir Guy saw plainly that there was little hope of peace. The blood of the Forest King was up. Slaughter and carnage alone could appease the angry spirit raging in the heart of the Indian.

Goldmain resolved to make one last attempt to satisfy the angry savage.

"If Metamera will disband his warriors and retire with them beyond the limits claimed by the settlers, the whites shall be duly punished for all aggressions upon the land of the red-men."

"And would not the greedy soul of the white man grasp and thirst after that too?" asked Metamera, scornfully.

"No," replied Sir Guy; "on such condition, Metamera may rely upon the faith of his white brethren."

"Ugh! the faith of the white man is like the spear made of the rotten sapling—rust upon it and it snaps in twain," responded the Indian, scornfully. "The Wampanoag will not trust the white man more."

"Insolent savage!" cried Fitzmold, leaping to his feet, "thou shalt feel the power of the colony: *sauz la loi!*"

Two of the soldiers threw themselves upon the Indian, who resisted not, but let them grasp his arms. But the veins swollen with passion on the forehead of the chief, and the glare of his fierce, dark eyes, told that he was far from being subdued.

"White men, beware!" cried the Wampanoag, in deep, intense tones. "The wrath of the wronged Indian shall come upon you like the roaring cataract that dashes the uprooted

oak down into its mighty chasm ! The war-whoop shall rouse you from your dreams at night, and the red tomahawks shall glare in the blaze of your burning dwellings ! Tremble ! From the East to the West, in the North and in the South shall be heard the loud cry of vengeance, till the land you have stolen from us groan under your feet no more !”

Then, with a mighty effort, the Indian dashed the two soldiers from him, sprung through the open doorway, and ran swiftly toward the forest.

“Fire upon him !” cried Fitzarnold.

The soldiers delivered a scattering volley upon the flying Indian, but he gained the wood unhurt, and with a whoop of triumph, disappeared amid the trees.

CHAPTER IX.

A SECOND DISAPPOINTMENT.

“He has escaped, by Heaven !” cried Fitzarnold, angrily, as he beheld the Wampanoag chief gain the shelter of the wood.

“Nothing now can save us from a bloody war,” said Sir Guy, in gloom.

“Let us muster our fighting men and strike these savages at once, before they can attack us !” exclaimed the English lord.

“Your plan is good, my lord,” Sir Guy observed, thoughtfully. “If we can surprise Metamora and his Wampanoags, and crush them before they are joined by any of the neighboring tribes, it will serve as a warning to the rest, and perhaps save us from a long and bloody war.”

Then Sir Guy turned to Andrews, who had remained leaning on his rifle during the whole of the council, and had not stirred finger to prevent the escape of the Indian. Truth to say, the secret displeased treachery, and the attempt to snare the chief when he had come trusting to the word of the whites, did not accord well with the woodman’s ideas of fair-dealing.

"Friend Leech, I understand that thou art forming a company of Indian fighters from among the youths of the colony used to woodcraft. How many hast thou enlisted?"

"Some twenty, Sir Guy," responded the scout.

"We can muster, then, over a hundred men. We had best attack these savages at once. Friend Andrews, canst thou lead the troops of the colony to the abode of this savage, *Metamora*?"

"Yes, Sir Guy," answered the scout. "The Wampanoags are in the woods of Pocasset."

"We will move against them this evening. The blow must be sudden and deadly." Then Sir Guy addressed the others. "Gentlemen, let us prepare at once. See that the volunteers are called forth. Captain Church, you will attend to the details."

"Yes; and I myself will head the expedition," said Fitzarnold.

Captain Church and the scout exchanged glances at the words of the English lord. The two Indian-fighters had little faith in Fitzarnold's ability to handle the soldiers of the colony in an Indian contest. The broad plains of England were widely different from the forest-jungles of the New World.

And so the council broke up, and the note and bustle of preparation for the coming fight rang through Plymouth town.

It was arranged that the colonial forces were to move at midnight. A ten hours' march would bring them to the woods of Pocasset, so that the attack could be made early in the morning.

Lord Fitzarnold and Sir Guy Goddania returned to the mansion of the latter.

Fitzarnold had determined at the first favorable opportunity to ask Sir Guy for the hand of Mabel.

After the noon meal was over, Fitzarnold and Sir Guy placed their chairs out on the little piazza at the back of the house, around which, in the English fashion, grew clambering vines, filling the air with sweet perfume.

"Sir Guy," said Fitzarnold, "in a recent conversation with you, you became aware that I have taken a deep interest in your daughter, Mabel."

"Yes, my lord," replied the flattered father; "to say the truth, I was glad you were pleased with my girl."

"Nay, more than pleased," said the lord; "I love her. I know that my sojourn here with you in Plymouth has been but a few brief days, but in that time—short as it is—I have learned to love your daughter."

"My lord, I can not but feel honored by your preference," responded Sir Guy, who really felt great delight at the prospect of a union between his daughter and the English lord—the Governor of Plymouth colony.

"Sir Guy, you told me but a day or so ago that your daughter was heart-free."

"I told you truth, my lord," replied the father, wondering at the speech.

"You have been deceived, Sir Guy," said Fitzarnold. "Your daughter is in love."

"With whom?" demanded Sir Guy, in astonishment.

"Ah, that I know not; but I fear that the object of her passion is unworthy of her."

"But are you sure that you are not deceived?" asked Sir Guy, not willing to believe that he had heard the truth.

"I have little doubt on the subject," returned Fitzarnold. "This morn I told your daughter frankly that I loved her and asked her to accept my suit."

"And she?" questioned the father, anxiously.

"Refused."

"Refused you?"

And Godalmin's countenance looked blank at the intelligence.

"Yes, refused me," repeated Fitzarnold; "and from what she said, I am sure that the reason of that refusal is because she fancies that she loves another."

"I can not understand it," said Sir Guy, amazed.

"Has she not a lover among the youths of the colony?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied Godalmin. "'Tis true that many of the young men of our town have sought to woo her, but she has said nay to them all."

"Then it is some secret lover, probably—as I guessed—some one that is unworthy of her."

"I will learn who it is!" cried Godalmin, quickly. "And

yet I can hardly believe that my girl would deceive me—she has been from childhood both obedient and truthful.”

“Ay, but in a case like this a maiden charges,” said Fitzarnold. “Have I yet your permission, Sir Guy, to woo and win your daughter, Man?”

“Assuredly, my lord!” quickly replied Sir Guy.

“You know my rank is high, my fortune ample, and in the favor of the king I stand almost without a peer. I love your daughter, and with your consent will make her my wife.”

“I will do all in my power to aid your suit, my lord,” replied Sir Guy.

“It rests with you alone to complete my happiness.”

“I do not understand how that can be, my Lord Fitzarnold,” said the father.

“It is simple enough,” returned the other. “Question your daughter—learn from her own lips who this secret lover is; then order her to forget him and to prepare herself to receive me as her future husband.”

“But suppose that she is really in love with this other that you speak of?” said the father, slowly.

“In love!” said Fitzarnold’s lip curled scornfully. “At the best it can be but a girlish fancy. Command her to prevent her meeting this secret lover, and she will soon forget him.”

Godwin shook his head in doubt.

“Be not too sure of that, my lord,” he replied. “Man’s mother kept her faith with me in spite of kin and friends. The spirit of the mother may live in the daughter, to say nothing of my own, which is of sterner metal and one not easily turned from its purpose.”

“Then exert your authority. Command her to forget this false lover and prepare to receive me as her husband.”

“By my faith, my lord, I could as I am unwilling to force the girl’s will. Then, too, if she loves another she will make but a sorry wife for me, should I force her to the union.”

“That risk be mine!” exclaimed Fitzarnold, quickly. “I do not fear, but that once my wife, I can win her love or lead her to forget the former lover in that she has mentioned in secret.”

“My lord, I would do much to serve you,” said Sir Guy, slowly, “and now I am saying that could give me greater pleas-

ure than to see you the husband of my Maid; but to force her inclination, I own, I am unwilling."

"You refuse me then?" said Fitzmold, and the stern glances of his eyes showed how much he was angered by the refusal.

"Do not give it so harsh a term, my lord, I pray you," cried Sir Gay, quickly. "In all that I can do to serve you, command me, save in this one thing. With my daughter's consent, freely would I give her to you."

"Enough—I must bear my cross, since it e'en must be so," said Lord Gilbert, moodily.

"I will see my girl at once and question her!" exclaimed Sir Gay, troubled beyond measure at the news of his daughter's refusal of Lord Fitzmold's hand, for he had a very urgent reason for wishing to make that gentleman his son-in-law—a reason that was weighty with life or death to Sir Gay Goldmin—dishonor and disgrace were in it.

"Do so," said Fitzmold; "you will see that I have spoken the truth—that is—if she answers truthfully."

"I do not doubt that, my lord," replied Sir Gay. "Please you to wait here, my lord; I will soon return." Then Goldmin hurried away in search of Maid.

Left alone Fitzmold gave an idle vent to his rage and disappointment—

"The devil-pate fool!" he cried. "What should he care whether his daughter consent or no, so he and I be willing? This girl has inspired me with a passion that sways my whole being! I would give much to win her—give much to have Sir Gay force her to my will, for she has scorned and dared to tell me to my teeth that she hates me."

"How much will you give?" questioned a voice, as a hand from whence the voice came, appeared through the hanging vines at the side of the piazza. The voice and hand both were strange to Lord Gilbert Fitzmold.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECRET OF GODALMIN.

"So, fellow, you have been listening?" exclaimed Fitzarnell, angrily.

"Yes, your lordship," returned the stranger, stepping over the railing of the piazza, and displaying a thin form clad in a slate-colored garb. The face of the eavesdropper was as lean as his figure. Cunning showed itself in the little, sharp eyes, and in the thin, bloodless lips, that were tightly compressed.

"Who are you?" asked Lord Gilbert, haughtily.

"Jabez Savel, steward to Sir Guy Godalmin," answered the stranger, with a profound bow.

"You have overheard my conversation with Sir Guy?"

"Every word," said the steward, with a cunning smile upon his thin visage. "I was sitting beneath the vines yonder, when you and Sir Guy came upon the piazza. I could not withdraw without disturbing you, so, perforce, I listened."

"Then you hear—"

"That your lordship seeks the hand of Mistress Maul," interrupted the steward, "yes. That she has refused you—yes. Also that Sir Guy will not enforce his daughter to receive you as her future husband."

"Well, sir; granting that you know all these things, why do you intrude your presence upon my privacy?" said Fitzarnell.

"Because, I heard your lordship say that you would give much to be able to make Sir Guy bend Mistress Maul unto your will."

"And how does that concern the steward of Sir Guy Godalmin?" asked Fitzarnell, severely.

"To be sure, I took it upon my self to ask your lordship how much you would be willing to give," replied Jabez, humbly, and without heeding the sneer that curled the lips of the lord.

"When you can show me that my speech can have aught to do with you, I will answer that question," said Lord Gilbert.

"Listen, then, my lord," said Jabez. "With gunpowder and fire we produce an explosion; either apart are harmless; but, unite them, the effect is tremendous."

"You speak in riddles!" cried Fitzarnold, impatiently.

"Have patience, my lord, and I will explain the riddle," replied the steward. "I am the fire, you the gunpowder. I will tell you something in regard to Sir Guy Goddamin that will produce an explosion, and that explosion place the life of Sir Guy in your hands."

"His life?" cried the lord, in astonishment.

"His life," repeated Jabez, with a cunning smile.

"Are you sure of what you say?"

"As sure as that I am a living man," replied the steward. "Let me know what your lordship is willing to pay for my secret, and if it be a fair price, I will tell you something that will place Sir Guy Goddamin completely in your power, and force him to do your will, whether he be willing or unwilling."

"What do you demand for this secret?" asked Fitzarnold, after a moment's thought.

"One hundred pounds. I am reasonable in my demands," said Jabez, humbly.

"Give me such knowledge as will enable me to bend Sir Guy to my will, and the one hundred pounds are yours!" exclaimed Fitzarnold, quickly. He was fully satisfied from the manner of the steward that he had indeed something of importance to communicate.

"Your lordship's word is quite sufficient," said the steward, bowing lowly. "If your lordship remembers, on the night that you landed from the London, you said that what was past was past—that none in the colony should be troubled for their sins done in days gone by, save one."

"Yes, I did say so."

"And you farther added that the crime of that one, the king could neither forget nor pardon."

"Yes; such were my words," replied Fitzarnold; "but, what has this to do with Sir Guy Goddamin?"

"A moment yet, my lord, and then my meaning will be clear unto you as the sun at noon," said Jabez. "After your speech, my lord, I pondered upon it. There is but one crime for which Charles II. would be apt to wish to bend the per-

pointed down, for report says that our good king cares but little for matters of state, but leaves them to his ministers."

"You are right."

"That is so, it flashed into my mind that the man whom the king wished to punish—even though his officers would dare to cross the seas in the mission—was Major Whalley."

"Right!" exclaimed Fitzarnold. "Whalley is the man I seek; and I have the king's express orders to send him in chains to England the moment he is taken."

"My guess then was right," said Jabez, rubbing his hands together, softly, in great satisfaction. "My lord, you will pay me twenty pounds—Sir Gay Godalmin shall do your will and pretty Mistress Maud shall be your wife."

"But, what has my search after Major Whalley to do with Sir Gay Godalmin?" asked Fitzarnold.

"Simply that Major Whalley, formerly of Cromwell's Ironsides, and Sir Gay Godalmin, Governor of Plymouth colony, are one and the same," answered the steward, in triumph.

"Are you sure?" cried the lord, in amazement.

"I'll swear it before any court in the land!" cried Jabez, earnestly. "Years ago, I rode—a trooper—in the ranks of the Ironsides. Whalley was my major. Years have gone by—Sir Gay Godalmin has changed greatly from stern Major Whalley, but, I recognized him instantly when first I came to Plymouth colony and found service with him. I kept my own counsel, and my tongue between my teeth. Sir Gay is high in power—I am poor in pocket, and in station. Besides, the Puritans of New England think it was but little sin to have given the head of the royal Charles I. to the ax. But now, you want a favor to have Sir Gay to do your will. I want money, and so I speak. What think you, my lord, is the story I told you worth a hundred pounds?"

"Yes, and you shall have the money if you have spoken truth," replied Fitzarnold.

"Question Sir Gay, and you shall find that I have spoken nothing but good!" said the steward. "I hear his tread within the hall. Question him, my lord, question him!" And with the word the steward sprang over the railing of the piazza and disappeared amid the vines.

"I will question him!" cried Fitzarnold, while the footsteps

of Sir Guy, came nearer and nearer. "If this fellow has spoken the truth, Sir Guy Goldmain is indeed within my power; and, despite her stubborn will, the pretty Blanche shall be mine. Sir Guy will not dare to refuse to force his daughter to become mine, when he knows that I hold his life within my hands, and that, if I will, I can crush him. 'Tis not alone the dainty person of this New-England flower that I crave, but I would pay back the scorn that she bestowed upon me, with double interest. And, though she boldly says she hates me, yet one day—an Sir Guy be indeed Major Whalley—she shall sue for my love."

Sir Guy's entrance upon the piazza interrupted Fitzarnold's musings.

"Does your daughter deny the truth?" asked Fitzarnold.

"I can not find her," replied Sir Guy: "she is not within the house. Probably she has gone to visit some of our neighbors."

"Or perhaps stolen forth to meet her lover."

"My lord, I think your guess is wrong in regard to my daughter," said the father. "I can not believe that my girl has a lover in secret."

"Time will show," replied the lord. "But hark ye, Sir Guy, thou knowest the errand on which I came hither was to assume the Governorship of Plymouth colony?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Before leaving England I was charged with a mission by King Charles; the purport of that mission of course you know not."

"Just so, my lord," said Sir Guy, wondering at the words.

"It was to discover one of his father's murderers—one of the ruffians who doomed Charles the First to the ax."

Goldmain, despite his firm nerves, turned slightly pale at the words.

"'Tis said," continued Fitzarnold, who marked well the pallor of Sir Guy, "that this man, whom the king deems to bring to the scaffold and the ax, has found shelter even here in New England. He is called Major Whalley."

Goldmain gave a slight start as the name fell upon his ear.

"It is possible, my lord," he said, in a voice that trembled slightly, though he strove hard to conceal signs of emotion.

"The territory of New England is large; many people dwell within its borders. This man you speak of may have found shelter here, and yet his name never fell upon my ear since I have dwelt in the New World."

"If the report that hath reached my ear be true, this Major Whalley is not known by his true appellation, but has taken another name," said Fitzarnold. "Nay, more: 'tis even said that he has risen to high rank in the colony."

"I—I have not heard this report you speak of, my lord," said Godalmin, in great agitation.

"In truth! 'tis strange!" cried Fitzarnold, now fully certain, from Sir Guy's manner, that Jabez Sneed had spoken the truth, and that Godalmin was in his power. "But, let that pass," he said, coolly. "Sir Guy, since your departure, I have thought deeply concerning your daughter. I can not consent to give her up. *She must be mine!*"

"My lord," exclaimed Sir Guy, not liking the tone of command that was in the voice of the Englishman.

"Ay, my lord," repeated Fitzarnold. "And if your daughter, Mabel, is so wed to a girlish passion that she can not listen to reason, you must teach her better."

"How, my lord?" queried Sir Guy.

"You must command her to accept me as her husband!" replied Lord Gilbert, coolly.

"My lord, I have already told you that I can not do that," said Sir Guy.

"But, I say you will do it," responded Fitzarnold, firmly. "For when the English sails for England, she will bear in her cabin, in coaches, the noble, Major Whalley."

"My lord, what do you mean? How can that concern me?" asked Sir Guy, apparently in astonishment, yet his lips quivered and his cheek was white.

"Do you ask that question, Major Whalley?"

"What?" said Sir Guy started at the charge; "do you mean to say, my lord, that I am this man whom you have been sent to seize?"

"That is Major Whalley!" cried Fitzarnold, firmly. "It is useless for you to attempt to deny the truth. I have a witness, even here in the colony, that served under you in England. That witness is prepared to swear to your identity."

You were one of the judges who condemned Charles the First to the ax. How long, think you, would it be after your arrival in England before your own neck would feel the keen edge of the steel to which you gave the hapless Charles?"

"Oh, I am ruined!" moaned Sir Guy, in deadly pain.

"Then you confess the truth?"

"Yes, I am Major Whalley."

"I can save you from the king's vengeance if you will be guided by my advice. Myself and one other know your secret. That other speaks or holds his peace, as I list. Give me thy daughter, and I swear not to betray you."

"But the king—how canst thou satisfy the king?"

"The king! ha! ha! ha!" and Fitzarnold laughed scornfully. "What cares royal Charles, so long as his pleasures fail not, whether the murderers of his father are brought to justice or not? He did but send me on my mission for the name of it; and, lost in the licentious pleasures of his court, he has, ere this, forgotten it."

"Lord Fitzarnold!" exclaimed Sir Guy, after a moment's thought, "if I accede to thy demand, and force my daughter Maud to become thy wife—whether she be willing or unwilling—wilt thou take a solemn oath never to reveal my secret?"

"By my name and knighthood, I swear it!" replied Fitzarnold.

"Be it so, then," said the old man, slowly. "I will command Maud to become thy wife. She will not dare to disobey me."

"You will acquaint her with your will at once?"

"Yes, the moment she returns. Ah! my lord, it is a heavy blow to be discovered after all these years of fancied security," said Sir Guy, slowly.

"Your secret will be safe," replied Fitzarnold. "Once your daughter's husband, you may rest assured that I shall take care to guard my wife's father from all harm."

"I will seek Maud at once," said Godalmin; "it is better that she should know her fate than remain ignorant of it."

And so the twain entered the house.

CHAPTER XI.

A DISCOVERY AND A DEFIANCE.

In the little grave-yard on the crest of the hill overlooking Plymouth town, stood Reuben Emond and the Plymouth scout, Enoch Andrews.

The garb of the secretary had changed somewhat since last we saw him. A hunting-shirt of deer-skin had replaced the ~~scholarly~~ doublet of the Puritan. The belt that girded his waist, held a broad-bladed hunting-knife, and stout leather leggings and Indian moccasins replaced the woolen stockings and buckle shoes. A powder-horn hung at his side, and his hand grasped a long rifle.

Reuben Emond was no longer the secretary to Sir Guy Godalmin, but had joined the band of Indian-fighters, headed by the Plymouth scout.

To Andrews, his friend from boyhood, Reuben had confided the secret of his love for the Governor's daughter, Maud Godalmin. And now, in the little grave-yard, he waited for Maud to keep her tryst.

The troops were to march at six, and the twenty scouts, headed by Andrews, were to form the advance guard. So that this meeting would probably be the last one between the lovers for some time to come.

"I'll descend to the town," said Andrews; "you won't be likely to be disturbed, and I should only be in the way. Remember, it's only about five hours before we march."

"I shall be with you within an hour," replied Reuben; "my meeting with Maud will not take up much time. She will not dare to remain absent long, lest her father suspect."

"Very well; you'll find me at the town-house," said Enoch, and began to descend the hill.

The scout had not been gone five minutes when Maud came hurrying up the path. Reuben's face lighted up with joy, when his eyes fell upon the figure of the girl.

"My own dear Maud!" he cried, as she reached his side,

almost breathless with her run up the hill. "You have come. I feared that something might have detained you."

"No, I left the house without being observed by any one except our steward, Jabez. He little guessed, I trow, that I was going to meet you." And Maud looked into her lover's face with a glad smile. Then her eyes fell upon his weapons and woodman's dress. "Why, Reuben!" she cried, "you are dressed like a scout."

"I am one now, dear Maud," he answered. "I have joined the Indian-fighters commanded by Enoch Andrews, the Plymouth scout. We march at nightfall to the battle with King Philip and his Wampanoags."

"You will be in danger, then! Reuben, if you should fall by the hands of these savage Indians!" and Maud shuddered at the thought, and clung closer to the breast of her lover.

"But, if I can win a name in the fight, your father then may consent to our union," replied Reuben, hopefully.

"And do you not think that he will consent now, when I tell him how much we love each other?" asked the maiden.

"I fear not, Maud," said Reuben, doubtfully.

"He has always seemed to like thee!" cried Maud. "Oft have I heard him speak in thy praise."

"Ay, all you say may be true, and yet, should I ask him to give me you, his daughter, I am afraid that his anger would be great," replied Reuben. "Remember what I am: an orphan, without family, fortune, or friends. But one man in all Plymouth who would willingly and freely do me service, and he is Enoch Andrews. Besides, this wealthy and powerful lord, I am sure, seeks your love."

"Yes, he does." Then Maud told of her interview in the library with Lord Fitzarnold.

"You see, Maud, I was right," Reuben said, after she had finished. "Your father will approve of the suit of this powerful lord, I am convinced."

"Not if I say nay!" exclaimed Maud. "My father, stern as he may be to all the world, yet to me has ever been kind and gentle. When I tell him that I do not and can not love this hardy English peer, I am certain he will not force my will. And when I tell him how dearly I love thee, I am sure he will not frown upon our affection." And with eyes

full of trust and love, Maud looked into the face of the man who had won her virgin heart.

"No, no, dear Maud, do not deceive yourself!" Reuben exclaimed. "I am but a poor orphan, reared by your father's bounty to man's estate. My title is my only fortune. Do not think, even for a single instant, that your father would consent to your union with one who possesses neither name or rank."

"What shall we do?" questioned the maiden, anxiously looking into her lover's face.

"At present nothing," replied Reuben. "Let us await the issue of this expedition. If your father insists upon your becoming the wife of this proud lord—as I am afraid he will—there is but one alternative for us."

"And that is?"

"You must fly with me," replied Reuben—"fly with me, love, to some distant settlement, and there unite your fate with mine—there find that happiness denied us here."

"But, to leave my father who has always been kind to me?" Maud murmured, while a tear dimmed the bright eyes.

"But, if he play the tyrant, and would force you to wed where you can never give your heart—"

"Then I will fly with you—I will become your wife!" Maud exclaimed.

"Dear one, that is all I ask!" Reuben cried. "This will probably be our last meeting for some time. King Philip will not be long on earth. Lord Fitzarnold is to lead the colonial troops. He knows nothing of the manner and method of fighting these savages, and is said to be both rash and haughty. If he does not yield to the better judgment of Captain Church and the other soldiers of the colony, who have had experience in Indian fighting, the probabilities are that, instead of beating the Indian King, we may get as bad crushing ourselves. Maud, you are the best leader that ever headed the redskins, and it will be no boy's play to conquer him."

"I will pray night and day that you may return unharm'd," said Maud, resting her head on her lover's shoulder.

"Alas, Maud, if I fall it will be with your name upon my lips and your image in my heart," Reuben said, earnestly, clasping the fair girl to his breast.

"I must return now; my father may miss me. Farewell. I shall not forget you for a single instant till I am in your embrace again," and Maud held up her lips to receive the farewell kiss.

A long, lingering kiss, full of love--heart to heart and soul to soul--then Maud gently released herself from her lover's arms.

"Good-by!" The farewell word was spoken. Maud turned to go when, to her dismay, round the turn in the little path, by the clump of bushes, came her father, Sir Guy Godalmin, and Lord Gilbert Fitzarnold.

A moment sooner and they would have discovered her locked in the arms of her lover. The hot blood flooded Maud's cheeks and temples as the thought flashed upon her mind. She felt that had she been discovered thus, she must have died with shame.

"Well, Sir Guy," said Fitzarnold, "what do you think now? Was not my guess a good one?"

Sir Guy's brow was stern as he advanced.

"Maud, what do you here on the hill?" he asked, sternly.

"Father, I--" Maud's eyes sought the ground beneath her father's angry glance.

"Can you not see?" said Fitzarnold, with a sneer. "She came to meet yonder gentleman. By Heaven! I know that face!" Fitzarnold cried, as he recognized the young man. "It is your secretary, Sir Guy, though, from his dress and arms, it would seem that he has left the peaceful pursuits of literature to take up the weapons of war--turned his quill into a rifle, and his ink-stand into a powder-horn."

"Reuben, this is not well to steal the love of the daughter of your benefactor," said Godalmin, angrily; "and you, degenerate girl, to deceive your father and bestow your love upon a base-born--"

"Hold, Sir Guy!" cried Reuben, sternly; "though my birth may be lowly, yet I am not base-born. I owe I owe you much, and will, before I die, strive to discharge that debt in full. I own frankly that I love your daughter. Nay, more, I hope some day to make her my wife."

"Never!" cried Sir Guy, fiercely. "Viper, you have bitten the hand that has reared you!"

"He who taunts a man, Sir Guy, with what he has conferred, commits the obligation!" answered Reuben, in lent. All the latent fire in the young man's nature was roused, and he was prepared to give blow for blow.

"Low-born fellow!" said Fitzarnold, scornfully.

"It is the actions of a man should be his pride or shame!" cried Reuben, proudly. "It may be a misfortune to be low-born, but it is not a crime."

"Do you dare to bandy words with me?" exclaimed Fitzarnold, half drawing his rapier, and advancing a step toward the young man.

In a second the rifle of Reuben was at his shoulder, cocked and leveled full at Fitzarnold's head.

"Let your blade see the sunlight and I'll put a bullet through your lordship's head and let out your brains—then we can see if they are of different texture from those in the head of a poor man."

Fitzarnold saw plainly by the cool eye of the young scout that he would keep his word. So, with a smothered oath, he thrust his rapier back into its scabbard.

"But it is not worth my while to bandy words with such as you!" the lord said, scornfully.

Maud had looked on with anxious eye.

"Reuben! for my sake, forbear."

"Maud, what is the meaning of this secret meeting with the fellow?" G. Graham cried; "do you love him?"

"Yes, father," Maud answered, truthfully.

"By Heaven, girl, this is worse than folly; this is madness!" the enraged father cried.

"I can not help it, father; the love is in my heart, and I will not deny it." Maud faced the storm resolutely.

"And you, Master Reuben," and Sir Guy turned to the young man. "I suppose, of course, that you love this foolish creature?"

"Yes, Sir Guy, I do love her," Reuben said, firmly.

"And now all that remains for you to do, Sir Guy, is to give them your blessing, and let them go in peace," said Fitzarnold, with a sneer.

"Maud, Maud, I little thought that when I reared you, a

motherless child, you would inflict this blow upon me," Godalmin said, as much in sorrow as in anger.

"Oh, father, do not be angry with us!" Maud cried; "we could not help our love. Heaven caused it to spring up in our hearts."

"Enough," cried Sir Guy, sternly; "home with you, Maud, and forget this man. And you, sir, do not dare to darken my door again."

With a farewell glance at the man she loved so well, Maud followed her father.

"Hark ye, young sir," said Fitzarnold, after Sir Guy and Maud had departed, "you have made a foe to-day that few men care to face a second time. Be warned, and leave the colony at once, or it may be the worse for you."

"Lord Fitzarnold, you are not now in England, but in Plymouth; we care little for lords here, we Puritans. Attempt one act of treachery toward me or the girl I love, and I shall shoot you down with as little ceremony or remorse as I would feel at killing a wolf that crosses my path in the forest."

And so the rivals parted.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHALLENGE TO BATTLE.

At seven in the evening the colonial forces left Plymouth to surprise Metamora in the woods of Pocasset. Lord Fitzarnold was in command of the expedition.

In the order of march, first came Andrews and his scouts; then Captain Church and his soldiers, in the center of whom marched Fitzarnold; then the volunteers brought up the rear.

It was a long, weary march through the wilderness, and the gray streaks of morning light had begun to line the eastern sky when the head of the column arrived at the pond called by the Indians Assawampset, and situated about twelve miles from the woods of Pocasset. The plan to surprise the

Indians at break of day could not be carried out. So, after a consultation, Fitzarnold ordered a halt.

For two hours the expedition remained by the side of the pond. A scanty breakfast was partaken of by the weary and famished troops, and then again the march went on.

During the halt, Andrews, with some half a dozen of the best of the scouts, including Redden Diamond, pushed forward to reconnoitre. At the expiration of the two hours, one by one the scouts returned. All reported that they had been unable to discover the slightest trace of the redskins.

All the scouts had returned, save one, and that one was not a member of the Indian-fighters, but one of the colonial volunteers, who had joined the scouts without the knowledge of Andrews.

"The fool has probably lost himself in the wood," said Redden, angrily. "If he should happen to fall into the hands of the Indians, there will be but little chance of our surprising them."

"Let us hope that he hath wandered off toward Plymouth," said Captain Church.

So, without waiting for the return of the absent man, the expedition again resumed its march.

Leaving the column to pursue its way through the oozy swamp—their path through the tangled and thorny and pathless thicket—there will follow the footsteps of the colonial volunteer who had taken upon him of the office of scout.

A tall, gruff Puritan was he, renowned throughout Plymouth town as a great extempore speaker in the cause of the Lord. He was called Preachapace Jones.

Thickly encased in a heavy breast-plate, and wearing on his head a rusty morion—both of which evidently had seen hard service in the English civil war—Preachapace stumbled through the thicket, making noise enough to disturb any Indian within half a mile, although he were drunk with sleep.

For arms, Preachapace bore upon his shoulder a heavy musket, rusty from neglect, and carried as long as himself.

On through the forest went the valiant Puritan. No sign of the presence of the redskins met his eyes. After he had wandered for an hour, as he had judged, he thought it time to return to camp. So he began to retrace his steps. But

Preachapace was no woodman, and when a half a dozen yards on, he came to a small swamp, and essayed to go round it; he became bewildered, and, in the end, set out in a straight line directly opposite to that which he should have followed.

For another weary hour Preachapace stumbled and floundered through the tangled thicket.

"Verily, it is strange," he muttered, as he wearily toiled onward, "that I come not to the camp. The forest looks strange, too; I remember it not." Which, considering that every step he took was taking him nearer and nearer to the woods of Pocasset, and that he had never gone that way before, was not to be wondered at.

Another hour passed, and still Preachapace saw no signs of his companions.

"Verily, I believe that I am lost!" he cried, in dismay.

But a few steps further on and the blue waters of a pond gleaming through the trees caught his eye.

"I am right!" cried he, in joy, when his eyes caught sight of the pond. "Yonder is the lakelet by which we rested this morn. Peradventure, I will lift up my voice and call my fellow-warriors." And then the loud shout of the Puritan rung through the forest and scared the birds from their nests.

Preachapace had made a slight mistake. Instead of the pond of Assawampset, he saw the waters of Wattuper, the pond fringed by the woods of Pocasset.

On went the Puritan, briskly, rejoicing that he would soon behold his companions. But, to his wonder, no answering shout rung through the forest to his call.

"I can not understand it," muttered the bewildered man; "can they have gone and left me behind? Verily, that is ugly, and when I do arrive in the colony, I will lift up my voice and protest against it."

A second more and a tall form darted from behind a tree-trunk and precipitated itself upon the astonished Preachapace. A second followed the first, and then a third and fourth. The Puritan was in the hands of the red skins.

Desperately Preachapace struggled, but though muscular in sinew, he was quickly overpowered by the superior numbers of the Indians.

Down went the preacher upon his knee, the savages clinging to him. A tall brave raised his tomahawk to strike.

"Let the white brave sing his death-song, for his scalp shall hang at the belt of Nunnah!" cried the Indian.

The glancing of the edge of the Indian ax dazzled the vision of the helpless man; he closed his eyes to receive the death-stroke.

"Hold!" cried a deep voice. "The many hands that take the life of one are the hands of squaws. Shall a flock of crows stain their beaks in the blood of a single crow?"

Preachapace opened his eyes and beheld the Indian king, Metamora, standing before him.

"I surrender!" cried the Puritan, in terror, for though slow and stout of limb, the gaunt Puritan was any thing but a warrior at heart.

"What does the pale-face in the forest with his rifle?" demanded the chief.

"I am one of Captain Church's company, verily a colonial volunteer," said the Puritan.

"Ah!" and the keen glance of Metamora's eye showed his interest. "Why didst thou wander from him?"

"I did not wander," replied the innocent Preachapace, remembering that he was betraying the designs of the colonists to the Wampanoag chief. "I came on a scout, but I fear me I lost my way. Friend savages, hast thou seen any thing of Captain Church and his soldiers?"

"Where did the pale-face leave the white men?"

"Verily, by the side of this pond."

"Hark!" and the Indian started in astonishment; "the pale-face says so."

"Verily, I do, if you say so," replied the accommodating Preachapace, whose great desire was to keep his scalp of yellow hair in its proper place.

"Where did the pale-face leave Captain Church by the side of the little water?" asked the Indian, who was puzzled by the speech of the white.

"At Asawampet," replied the Puritan, "but all the forest seemed changed to mine eyes, or else I have forgotten how it looked when I first did gaze upon it. Verily, friend savage, is not this the pond that your people call Asawampet?"

"Ah!" Now the chief guessed the mistake that the white had made. "The long-knife left the white cliffs by the waters of Assawampset this morning?"

"Yes, chief."

"Ugh!" Quickly the Indian king called two of his braves to him, gave them instructions, and they departed swiftly through the woods.

"Is not this the pond I speak of, chief?" asked the Puritan, beginning to think that possibly he had made some mistake.

"The white man looks on the waters of Waukegan; he is in the woods of Pocasset," answered the Indian.

"Peradventure, I got turned round and came the wrong way," said Prechaphace, in blank dismay to himself. "I came to smite the heathen, and lo, it is I that have been smitten."

"What seeks the white brave in the forest?"

"Verily, I am not a brave," meekly answered the now humble Prechaphace; "I am a man of peace, although I have on the habiliments of war."

"The pale-face has a squaw's tongue," said the Indian in contempt; "let him speak sense."

"Don't hurry me, fitted savage!" cried Prechaphace, in terror; "verily, I am discomposed."

"Let the pale-face tell why he is here," cried the chief, angrily, "or the hatchets of the red-men will drink his blood!"

The tomahawk gleaming around the head of the terrified Prechaphace gave ample warning that the threat of the chief was not a jest.

"Spare me!" cried the Puritan, in terror. "I'm going to speak. Verily, give me time to expound. The men of power in Plymouth colony sent out Captain Church to watch thy movements; and he, Captain Church did send out me to find thy abiding-place, that he might come upon thee by surprise, and smite thee, lip and clish!"

"Ugh! the white warrior has the heart of the wolf but the soul of the weasel!" said the Wampanoag chief, in disdain.

"The Wampanoag kills his enemy in the fight, eye to eye, but the pale-face lies in the grass, and like the snake, bites the heel of his foe. Metamora does not fear the white-skins, though their numbers be like the blades of grass in the meadow, or the leaves in the forest. Metamora will fight the long-

knives till he dies. White warrior, go back to your slinging nation—go back to your chief. My warriors shall lead you. Tell your captain that you have seen Metamora and his warriors—that they are ready for the fight, and await the white-skins in the woods of Pocasset." And the chief drew himself up proudly as he delivered the bold defiance.

"Verily, I will do your bidding, friend savage," said Preach-as, greatly rejoiced to escape with a whole skin and his ship untouched from the hands of the Wampanoags.

"Tell your chief, also, that if he does not seek Metamora within two days, then, like the panther, the Wampanoags will dash upon the white-skins. They will come in a hail-storm of arrows that shall surprise them to their death. Naimattah, too, that the white brave be conducted toward his brother."

"Verily, I thank thee, friend savage, for having spared my life, and I opinion that it will be long before thou or any of thy relations, or other relations, catch me again within the time."

"Let the white brave remember the words of Metamora," said the chief. "The Forest King and the Wampanoags wait for the white-skins in the woods of Pocasset. And if the hearts of the white-skins be not white, they will come, nor wait for the red-men to attack them. Metamora defies the white-skins." And then the Indian king turned upon his heel and stalked away.

"Come!" said Naimattah, the renegade Mokenan, and the Perican followed the Indian.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

After traveling the woods for a short time, the two reached a large open glade. In the center of the glade the Indian halted. Naimattah bent his keen eyes on the woods around. Perican watched his movements in astonishment.

"Verily," he muttered to himself, "what is the savage about now?"

Then the Indian, seemingly being satisfied, came close to Preachapace, and in a low, guarded tone, addressed him.

"Ugh! White brave know the Plymouth scout?" said the Indian.

"Yes, Enoch Andrews," replied the Puritan, wondering at the question. "Verily, I know him well, and a famous man he is with the carnal weapons of war—"

"White brave talk like chatter-bird," interrupted the Indian, impatiently. "Let him shut his mouth, open his ears, and listen."

"Verily, friend savage, I will do as thou requesteth," said Preachapace, meekly.

"Let white brave tell Plymouth scout that he has seen Agawam, the Mohegan—"

"But, chief," interrupted the Puritan, "that will not be the truth; I have seen nothing but Wampanoag warriors. That I can tell from the fashion of their habiliments—"

"White listen—no talk!" cried the Indian, impatiently. "Tell Plymouth scout that Agawam, the Mohegan say, no attack Metamora."

"What?" cried Preachapace, beginning to have a dim comprehension that he was receiving information that would be of value to the whites.

"Forest King, so many warriors," and the Indian opened and shut his hand until the Puritan had counted five hundred.

"Five hundred!" exclaimed Preachapace, in astonishment.

"Yes—so many—good warrior," said the Indian. "Many rifles—plenty powder—plenty every thing."

"Verily, if thou speakest truth, it will not be well to attack these savages," said Preachapace, who remembered that the colored face had only uttered a hundred men, all told.

"No," and the Indian shook his head, "no fight—run."

"Verily, I'll run whether the others fight or not," muttered the Puritan, who had already had all the Indian fighting that he wanted.

"Yes—run now—fight some other time," said the savage, sagely.

"Yes, I'll run now without fear," muttered Preachapace, "and as for fighting some other time, I'll see about it when the time comes, and verily, I shall not seek the fighting, but wait until it is forced upon me."

"White chief, remember—tell Plymouth scout Forest King all ready for white men—wants fight *he up*."

"Oh, I'd remember," said the Puritan.

"Come?" And once again the Indian led the way.

The two now had left the forest and were crossing a little plain. Suddenly the quick eyes of the Indian caught sight of the advancing scout of the white column in the timber beyond.

"See, white chiefs!" he cried, and then he plunged into the wood from whence they had come, and disappeared.

Joyfully Preachapace ran forward as fast as his long legs would carry him, and had a narrow escape from being shot by one of the scouts, who, seeing him advance from the direction of Pocasset, mistook him at the first glance for an Indian.

Andrews was at the head of his men, who were but a few hundred paces in advance of the main body. He listened attentively to the story of Preachapace's adventures, and his brow clouded when he heard of the bold defiance of the Wampanoag, and of the warning of the Indian who had called himself Agawan, the Mohican.

Andrews waited until Captain Church and Lord Fitzarnold came up. Then Preachapace told his story over again, while the two listened with attention.

"What do you think, my lord?" asked Captain Church, when the Puritan had finished.

"He has the usual bluster of the savage, who thinks to frighten us with big words. The chances are ten to one that if we advance upon this stronghold, in the woods of Pocasset, where he so boldly dares us to battle, the Indians will fly before us like a flock of sheep," said Fitzarnold, scornfully.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said the scout, Andrews, quietly, "but you don't know this Metamora. For a savage, he has great natural talent for war. He fights both according to savage and civilized rules. He has been known to lead his men out into the open field and receive a charge of sol-

diers as though he himself headed regular troops. His warriors stood the charge and repulsed it—something very rare for the red skins, who seldom fight in masses. If this chief sends a bold defiance to battle—such as he has sent—you may rest assured that he is ready to receive us.”

“Friend scout, I am afraid that your life of woodcraft has made you timid, and that you overrate the prowess of this brute Indian.”

“If your lordship had been in the fight at Swansea, a year ago, when this same Metamora whipped the colonial forces so handsomely, I think you’d change your opinion of this brute Indian,” answered Andrews, not in the best temper in the world.

“Possibly I might,” said Fitzarnold, in scorn; “but, as a soldier, I am not used to be frightened at a shadow, or to retire from the field until I have at least felt the foe and ascertained his strength.”

“By the report brought by Jones from the Indian, Metamora has five hundred warriors with him,” said the scout.

“Can you rely upon this Indian who sent the report of Metamora’s strength?” asked Captain Church.

“He has never yet deceived me,” answered the scout.

“If the report be true, my lord,” said Church, “the savages are five to one against us.”

“A wise General always reports his force double what it really is; and if this Indian be such a skillful leader, as you all seem to think, it is probable that he understands how to double his force in reports.”

Fitzarnold would not be convinced; he was determined to go forward.

“I hope, Captain Church, that you have no idea of giving up the attack simply because this savage has used some big words and tried to frighten us by a report of the number of his warriors,” he said.

“To say the truth, my lord,” said Church, honestly, “if the reports that have been brought in be true—and I see no reason to doubt ’em—it would be madness to go on. It would be but to certain defeat.”

“Then you think that it would be advisable to retreat without even making an attempt to find out the strength of this

savage's force," said Fitzarnold, with a clearly-defined sneer upon his face.

"Since you ask my advice, my lord, I must fain reply that I do advise a retreat," said Church, who did not relish the sneering tone of the English lord. "If you remember, our plan was to surprise this chief, and give him battle before he could collect his warriors and prepare for us."

"Very true," said Fitzarnold, impatiently.

"It is very evident that we can not carry out that plan, since he is informed of our approach, and has sent us a bold defiance to battle."

"That is true, also."

"And if the Indians are five to one against us, posted, too, peradventure, in a strong position—for this Metamora has the eye of a European for selecting a battle-ground—the odds are so great in their favor, that for us to retreat without going into battle is, I think, no disgrace." Church spoke earnestly and honestly. A soldier tried in the fire of many a bloody conflict, it was plain that prudence, not fear, dictated his words.

"Retreat!" cried Fitzarnold, hotly; "return to the colony like whipped dogs, scared by an empty threat? Now, by my soul, I do not wonder that this Indian king has beaten the colonial troops if they go into the fight prepared to retreat."

"My lord, I have but spoken what is in my mind, nor do I think it shows either cowardice or bad soldiery to counsel a retreat from overwhelming numbers!" exclaimed Church, his anger rising at Fitzarnold's words.

"Is this savage a demon, that he beats the colonists with words alone?" said Fitzarnold, contemptuously.

"My lord, if we come to blows with this chief, you will find that the colonists can fight as well as any soldiers that the world ever saw," returned Church, quickly.

"It is a pity that such good soldiers should retreat from a handful of Indians, before they see them," said Fitzarnold, sneeringly.

"My lord, I have given counsel against attacking these Indians. You asked my opinion, and I gave it. But if, in spite of my counsel, you insist upon attacking Metamora, you

will not find Captain Church in the rear," exclaimed the soldier.

"If I give the command to advance, you will obey my orders, then?"

"Yes, my lord," Church answered, "I am a soldier, and know my duty."

"Very well, then; we'll attack these savages at once," said Fitzarnold; "that is, if we can find them, which I doubt. For I think that this wily Indian king has attempted to frighten us from our purpose by empty boasts."

"The arrogant fool!" muttered Andrews to Esmond, who stood next to him. "If I miss not my guess, Metamora will handle him so roughly within the next two hours that some of the conceit will be taken out of him."

"Five to one against us, and the red-men fighting on their own ground: I'm afraid that some of us will never see Plymouth town again," said Esmond. And then to his mind came the image of fair Maud Godalmin, the girl he loved so well, and whom, perchance, it was fated that he ne'er should see again.

"You are determined to advance, my lord?" Church asked.

"Yes," answered Fitzarnold; "at least, we'll try the strength of Metamora's position. If we find it too strong to be assailed with hopes of success, then it will be time to talk of retreating."

Fitzarnold did not know what a retreat was in the New World, in the face of warriors frenzied for blood.

"You are in command of the expedition, my lord; on your shoulders, then, rests the responsibility," said Church.

"They are broad enough to bear it," returned Fitzarnold, laughingly. "Let us advance at once. We have already lost too much time."

So onward again the column moved, Andrews and his men being in the advance, as before.

The column reached the pond of Wattaper, approaching it from the eastward and striking the little lake about its center. Then the troops faced to the south and marched along the borders of the water to the woods of Pocasset, which fringed the southern end of the pond.

Between the woods and the line of march of the whites was a little open plain, about a quarter of a mile wide.

Andrews skillfully led the whites down along the timber that fringed the plain on the east, and then the troops halted to form for the attack on the Indians' line of battle.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIGHT AT POCASSET.

In the wigwam of Metamora sat Nameokee, the wife of the chief. The heart of the Indian girl was sad. The spirit of her babe had fled to the spirit land, and now Metamora was about to take the war-path against the whites.

"Metamora comes not," murmured Nameokee, "and the soul of the red-man's wife is filled with grief. She fears that he is in the power of the cruel pale-faces, who will take his life." Then the Indian wife sprung to her feet. "Why do I linger here, when the life of my chief is in danger?" she cried. "I will seek the wigwam of the pale-faces, and if I can not save Metamora I will die with him."

But, as she was about to carry out the heroic resolve, the skin that served as a door to the wigwam was pushed aside, and Metamora entered.

"You are safe!" cried the girl. "You have returned to your Nameokee!"

"Metamora has returned, but the white man is on his track," said the chief. "The stay of the Wampanoag king must be short. The war-hatchet is unburied, and the red-men must defend their wigwams."

Nameokee understood only too well the meaning of the words of the red chief. A conflict was at hand.

"Metamora!" she cried, "do not wait the coming of the pale-faces. Let us fly, and dwell in another land."

Proudly the Forest King replied, and his eyes shot glances of flame as he spoke:

"What, Nameokee? Shall the red chief leave the graves

of his fathers and the hunting-grounds he has roamed over since he first learned to draw the bow? Shall the white man enjoy the land which the Great Spirit gave to the Indian? No! Sooner will Metamora see his tribe swept away one by one! Sooner shall the name of Wampanoag perish from the earth than Metamora tamely yield the lands of his fathers to the grasp of the pale-faces."

Nameokee looked upon the chief with pride. There spoke the brave heart that had made the Wampanoag chief king of the red-men, and given him a power greater than any ever wielded by Indian chief in New England.

"Metamora speaks with the scream of the eagle," said the wife. "Nameokee will repine no more. She will share all his danger, and live or perish with him."

"Nameokee has the heart of a brave!" exclaimed the chief. "She is worthy to be the wife of Metamora."

Then, through the forest rung the low, guarded war-whoop of the Wampanoags.

"My braves come!" cried the Indian king, as the sound of the Wampanoag yell fell upon his ears. "My people are upon the war-path. Nameokee, remain here. Venture not within the forest until we drive the white skins in dismay across the plain."

Then forth from the wigwam went the chief.

In the little open space in front of his lodge, he found assembled the chief warriors of the Wampanoag tribe.

"Metamora!" cried an old warrior, who bore on his person the scar of many a fearful wound, "the pale-faces are in the forest, led on by Captain Church. The Braves of the Wampanoags thirst for blood."

"Ugh! they shall swim in it!" cried Metamora, fiercely. "The scalps of the pale faces shall hang thick in the wigwams of the Wampanoags; they shall dry and whiten in the smoke of the lodges, and attest the vengeance of the red men."

"Metamora speaks words of fire!" cried the old warrior; "the Wampanoags listen with open ears; their hearts are warmed by the tongue of their king. They will fight until they die against the false white man."

"My warriors shall hide among the trees," cried the Indian king. "Let no brave fire his rifle till the crack of the chief's

gun frightens the forest-birds from their nests. When the pale-faces are entangled in the swamp, then, from the woods of Pocasset the red-men will burst upon them like a thunder cloud."

"The warriors of the Wampanoags hear the words of their chief," replied the old brave, "they listen and they will obey."

"How many braves have the pale-faces?" asked Metamora.

"Few warriors—not a hundred," answered one of the chiefs, who had been on the watch to detect the approach of the whites.

"We will give their souls to the Bad Spirit that sent them across the Big Salt Lake to steal the lands of the red-men, and their bodies to the wolves?" cried Metamora, fiercely.

Then forth to the edge of the woods went the Wampanoags and placed themselves in ambush to receive the attack of the colonists.

The position chosen by Metamora was a very strong one naturally. The pond of Watuper on the left and a dense swamp on the right, prevented any successful attempt to flank his line of battle. Besides, the swamp extended along the whole front of the Indian line, save here and there, where narrow pathways of firm soil led into the woods.

The colonists, forming under cover of the timber, prepared for the attack.

"The Indians are evidently in yonder thicket—a strong position," said Church, surveying the scene before him with a soldier's eye.

"Hail I not better advance with my scouts and endeavor to draw the fire of the red-skins?" asked Andrews. "By taking advantage of that line of bushes," and the scout pointed to the plain to the right of the Indians' line, "I shall be able to cover my men almost up to the very edge of the timber."

"No," replied Fitzarnold, "we will make a direct charge across the plain; we can easily drive them from their shelter."

"But, my lord!" cried Andrews, in astonishment, and unable to resist showing what the fatal effect of such an attack must be, "our men will have to cross this open plain without shelter and exposed to the fire of the Indians."

"Well, sir, I am aware of that," replied Fitzarnold, haughtily. "I do not expect to dislodge the foe without suffering some

loss. If we attack them boldly, they will give way before us and fly. These savages will never stand to receive a regular attack."

"That may be true," said the Plymouth scout, bluntly, "but if our men are shot down before they reach the timber there won't be any left to make an attack."

"Fellow!" cried Fitzarnold, in a rage, "do you command this expedition or I?"

"Fellow back in your teeth!" exclaimed the scout, angrily. "You command it, but it would be a devilish sight better for Plymouth colony if you didn't—as some of these poor fellows will find to their cost, if you are mad enough to charge across this open plain right in the fire of Matamora's rifles."

"Captain Church, arrest that fellow!" cried Fitzarnold, exasperated beyond measure by the bold words of the scout.

"But, my lord, I have no authority," said Church, trying to calm the storm. "Andrews and his scouts are volunteers."

"By heaven, if you were a soldier of mine, I'd have you broke for this!" exclaimed the lord.

"But I am no soldier of yours," returned Andrews, defiantly, "nor will I lead my men across this open space to be slaughtered in cold blood by the savages."

"Return then to Plymouth, like the coward that you are!" cried Fitzarnold.

"I am neither a coward nor a rash-headed fool," said the scout; "I'd not return to Plymouth, but I'll stay here with my men to cover your retreat, after the Indians have whipped you, soundly. To cover, scouts!" he cried. Then, with his twenty men he sought shelter among the trees.

"Advance!" cried Fitzarnold, as, drawing his rapier, he led the colonists to the attack.

Quickly, rifle in hand, in serried rank, the whites advanced across the open meadow.

The forest before them shows no sign of hostile Indian.

"They have fled before us!" cried Fitzarnold, exultantly—for the English lord, whatever his faults, was no coward—he led the charge.

The colonists were within a hundred yards of the ~~Pearson~~ woods, when the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness of the morning.

It was Metamora's answer to the vaunt of Fitzarnold.

A soldier went down headlong on the grass, shot through the temple.

Then from the quiet forest came a blaze of flame—shot followed shot in quick succession.

Returning the fire, the colonists rushed onward to become entangled in the swamp that guarded the Indian battle-line.

Straggling in the morass, the column received another deadly volley from the red-skins. The forest seemed alive with Indians. The war-whoop of the Wampanoags pealed upon the air.

With half their number stricken down by the point-blank fire of the savages, the colonists wavered, paused, and then fled in frantic retreat across the little plain upon which their comrades lay dying, or dead.

Fitzarnold himself—who had, as by a miracle, escaped the bullets of the Indians, though in the front of the attack—did not attempt to stem the current of retreat that set in so strongly. But, fully realizing that he was beaten, he fled with the rest.

With wild shouts of victory the Indians followed in pursuit. It became a race for life.

The colonists essayed to gain the friendly shelter of the woods from whence they had come, while the Indians, flushed with victory, dashed headlong across the plain. But, as the Wampanoags came within range, they received a raking fire from Andrews and his scouts, who were posted in the timber on the right.

Almost every shot told; and some fifteen or eighteen braves went down upon the meadow-grass, stricken unto death—the war-whoop of triumph changed to the cry of anguish.

Fearing that he was being led into an ambuscade, the wily Indian king instantly sought shelter with his warriors.

Andrews with his scouts had, as he predicted, covered the retreat of the colonists, and saved them from total extermination.

Once within the shelter of the wood, Fitzarnold gave the order for a precipitate retreat to Plymouth. There was little need however for orders, for the colonists—save some ten men that had remained with Captain Church, and had united with the scouts—were already in flight.

Thirty men had fallen in the attack!

The colonists who had remained together, under the lead of Andrews, who was well acquainted with the country, retreated hastily for Plymouth.

The savages, rendered fearful by the unexpected fire poured into them by the scouts, delayed the pursuit so long that the whites were enabled to escape.

The main body of the colonial expedition reached Plymouth about night-fall and told the story of the defeat.

One by one the stragglers came in.

The defeat had been a fearful one, for over fifty men were missing, nearly one-half of the colonial force. Truly, Plymouth town mourned sorely, and many a curse was leveled at the head of Lord Fitzarnold, who, by his rashness, had caused the sad disaster.

To the astonishment of the Plymouth scout, Reuben Esmond was among the missing!

Diligently the scout inquired if any one had seen the young man. Esmond had not been in the fatal charge but had ambushed with the scout. Andrews could not guess what had become of him, for none had seen him fall.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRICE OF A LIFE.

SIR GUY received the tidings of the defeat with dismay.

"This is most unlucky," he cried, in alarm; "we shall have every red-skin on our borders up in arms again."

"To tell the truth, Sir Guy," said Fitzarnold, "I am already sick and tired of New England. This war with savages is not to my liking. Once I am your daughter's husband, I shall sail for England."

"Indeed, my lord!" said Sir Guy, astonished at the sudden decision.

"Yes, I have been soundly beaten by this red savage. Though I was blind enough to run into his trap, I am sensible

enough to know when I am worsted. Therefore, Sir Guy, instruct your daughter to look upon me as her future husband. Have the marriage take place as soon as possible, and I will wash my hands of the New World forever." Fitzarnold felt sore over his defeat, and he was well aware that it would not cause the colonists to regard him with favorable eyes.

"Well, my lord, I will instruct my daughter as regards her duty at once," said Sir Guy. "I fear me much that she will mourn for this young Reuben, who, I believe, is reported to have fallen by the hands of the savages."

"Yes, he is among the missing," returned Fitzarnold. "It is better for our purpose that he is out of the way, for, were he still living, your child—with all the foolish tenderness of youth—might be hard to bend unto our will, for the love she bears this low-born hound."

"Ah, but this Reuben may not have perished by the hands of the Indians," said Sir Guy. "He may be wandering in the wood, and yet gain the shelter of the settlement."

"There is little possibility of that," said Fitzarnold.

"I am not sure of that, my lord," returned Sir Guy; "'tis said that he was not seen to fall in the fight."

"That is a mistake," said Fitzarnold, "for I myself saw him fall."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, it was after we had attacked the Indians in the wood———repulsed and retreated across the plains. The Indians were in hot pursuit. As I gained the shelter of the wood, I noticed this fellow, whom they call Reuben, ambushed behind a tree. A volley was fired by the scouts—of which he was one——at the pursuing re-b-skins; it was the volley that checked the pursuit, and saved us. After the smoke cleared away, I noticed this fellow stagger—put his hand to his head as if hit, and then fall, apparently lifeless, to the ground. Then I gave the order to retreat, and thinking the man dead I paid no heed to him. At such a time, it was each man for himself, and if he had been a friend instead of an enemy, I should not have attempted to save him, for it would only have cost more lives."

"There can be little doubt then as to his fate."

"None in the least," said Fitzarnold; "he had evidently

"Child! child!" exclaimed Godalmin, in desperation, "what if my life hang on your answer."

"Your life?" Maud asked, in wonder.

"Ay, my life!" repeated Sir Guy; "the life of him who gave you being."

"How can your life hang upon my decision?" she asked, not able to comprehend his strange words.

"Listen and I will tell you," said Sir Guy, in agitation. "Suppose that I was in peril—that my life or death depended upon thee, and one little word would save me, wouldst thou speak that word?"

"My father, thou dost but try thy child," answered Maud, quickly; "thou knowest I would."

"Maud, my life is in thy hands," exclaimed Sir Guy, earnestly. "Become Fitzarnold's wife and I am saved; refuse, and I am doomed."

"Father, I can not understand your meaning!" cried the bewildered girl.

"Oh Maud! Maud! must I speak still more plainly?" said the deeply-agitated father. "Years ago, in England, I committed what King Charles now considers a crime, though then all England applauded the act. Fitzarnold bears the warrant to seize me and send me in chains back to England. Once there, one doom alone, the scaffold and the ax! Fitzarnold has discovered my secret—that I am the man he seeks. He asked thee as the price of silence. Become his wife, he will hold his peace, and will never reveal to mortal man my secret."

"And if I refuse to become his?" asked the hapless Maud, who saw no escape from the terrible coil that circumstances were weaving around her.

"Then he will denounce me. I shall be borne as a felon back to England, and the rabble will jeer and taunt when the head of the Puritan rolls beneath the ax."

"Oh, father," moaned Maud, "this is terrible."

"My fate is in your hands—you can save me, if you will!" cried Sir Guy, imploringly.

"But, father, to marry a man that I know I can never love!" exclaimed Maud, in agony.

"Wouldst thou rather see thy father—who to thee has

always been kind and true—dragged from his home and friends to grace the scaffold of King Charles?” demanded Sir Guy.

“No, no, father,” cried Maud, “you know I love you.”

“Prove, then, that love; become this lord’s wife and save me from the fearful doom that is hanging over me. Thy lover has fallen by the hands of the red-skins. You break no faith. Oh, Maud, I do not use the father’s right; I do not command you to accept Lord Fitzarnold, as a husband, but I implore you by the love you bear me to save me from shame and a dreadful death.”

“And if I consent to become this man’s wife, he will keep this dreadful secret?” Maud asked.

“Yes,” Sir Guy answered, “he has pledged me by his name and knighthood that his lips will remain forever sealed as to my secret.”

“To save you, father, I consent!” And oh, the pain it gave the young girl to utter the few simple words.

“But, oh! how wretched my future life will be,” murmured the girl. The pallor of the face—the weary look of the eyes, and the bloodless lips, told fully of the anguish that wrung her heart.

“You will soon forget your griefs,” said Sir Guy, who had lent his daughter to his will easier than he had anticipated.

“Lord Gilbert’s love will make you forget the past.”

Then Sir Guy left his daughter, eager to inform Fitzarnold that Maud would accept his suit.

Maud’s pillow that night was wet with many a scalding tear as she thought of dead Reuben Edmond.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE WAMPANOAGS.

It was arranged that the marriage of Maud and Fitzarnold should take place in a month. Sir Guy pleaded for as much time as possible, in order that his daughter should become reconciled to the union. The father saw plainly that Maud’s grief was deep indeed.

The week that followed the one in which the fight at Pocasset had taken place, was full of stirring events to the colonists of New England.

After the defeat of the whites at Pocasset, Metamora had not let the grass grow under his feet. With a large force of Indians he attacked Swansea and burnt nearly all of the town to the ground. Then he swept up northward to the country of the Nipmucks. The brand and steel marked the track of the avenging red-skins.

The rulers of the whites grew alarmed. All the fighting men in the colonies were called forth to subdue the terrible Forest King. To Captain Church was given the command of the expedition against Philip, which consisted of some five hundred men, drawn from every town from the Connecticut river to the Saco.

Lord Fitzarnold, who had announced his intention to return to England, accompanied the expedition as a volunteer. He was anxious to redeem his character in the eyes of the colonists.

Metamora, after sweeping like a shocco to the northward, leaving death and desolation in his track, was reported to be again in the neighborhood of Swansea. Acting on that report, the expedition headed toward the sea.

Andrews and his scouts were, as usual, in the advance.

The colonists were burning with a desire to wipe out the disastrous defeat that they had sustained at Pocasset at Metamora's hands; and eagerly they pressed onward to meet the Forest King.

Metamora, hearing through his spies of the advance of the whites, had not been idle. Calling in all his warriors that he could muster—some seven hundred—he took post in a large swamp, situated between two small rivers—and called by the Indians, Musquapoog—in what is now the township of Rehoboth.

The position chosen by the Indian chief to receive the attack of the whites was much stronger by nature, even, than the one that he had occupied in the woods of Pocasset, and where he had repulsed the colonists with such loss.

So in the swamp of Musquapoog, the Indian king and his confederates waited for the approach of the whites. The red-skins, flushed with an uninterrupted career of victory, felt little

doubt that they would again beat the pale-faces should they dare to seek the red chiefs in their forest-lair.

And now we will return to the young scout, Reuben Esmond, whom, Fitzarnold had declared, he had seen stricken down by an Indian bullet.

In the ambush assigned him by Andrews, Reuben had seen the colonists advance across the plain, receive the terrible fire of the Wampagoes, and retreat in disorder.

As the panic-stricken fugitives came toward the cover of the timber that concealed the scouts, Reuben recognized Lord Fitzarnold, dashing at full speed directly for the particular part of the wood that concealed the young man.

"How easily I could shoot him down now, in this confusion, and no one the wiser," muttered the young scout, as he glanced at his rifle lying so handy, already cocked, upon his arm. But the next moment he dismissed the thought as unworthy. "It would be the act of a coward!" he said. "I should not be worthy Maud's love could I do so base an act!"

Then Fitzarnold, breathless and with a pistol in his hand, dashed into the wood within a dozen paces of the scout.

The advance of the Indians in pursuit diverted the attention of Reuben from Fitzarnold. Leveling his rifle, he "sighted" a tall Indian and tumbled him over. Dropping the butt of his rifle to reload, Reuben half turned his head, and, to his astonishment, he saw Fitzarnold, with a look of demon-like triumph, leveling his pistol at him. With a cry of rage at the treachery of his rival, Reuben essayed to avoid the shot. The movement, however, was made too late, for the bullet of the treacherous English lord plowed its way across the top of the young man's head. Apparently lifeless, Reuben fell to the ground.

Reuben, though stunned, was but slightly wounded. The shot was but that he wore had deadened the force of the ball somewhat.

When Reuben recovered his senses, he found himself in an Indian wigwam, bound hand and foot, and guarded by a stalwart brave.

"Where am I?" was the natural inquiry of the young scout.

"Ugh! white brave in the hands of the Wampanoags," answered the Indian.

Then back to the mind of the young Puritan came the memory of the fight and his attempted assassination by his treacherous rival.

Reuben felt a dull yet not very agonizing pain from the wound on his head; so he quickly concluded that he could not be very badly wounded.

"The white chiefs run fast," said the warrior. "The Forest King is a great brave—take many scalps."

"What will Maud think?" mused the white prisoner, without paying heed to the words of the savage. "What will she think when the wretched remains of the expedition enters Plymouth, and she finds that I am absent? Will she not believe me dead—believe that I have fallen by the hands of the red-skins? Then, too, if Fitzarnold reaches Plymouth in safety, will he not be apt to report me dead—not revealing his agency in the matter—that he had attempted to kill me?"

These thoughts were bitter indeed to the mind of the young scout.

"Patience, patience," he murmured. "I think Maud will keep her faith with me for a little while—at least until she learns whether I be really dead or alive. I may find means to send her word that I am living. I may be able to escape from the hands of these savages."

And with these thoughts Reuben consoled himself.

The young scout was carried by the Indians to the swamp of Musquapoag, where they had left their squaws, children and old men when they departed on their expedition to the north. He was strictly guarded, and no opportunity to escape presented itself. As each day wore on, and the wound on his head became better and better, his enforced stay in the Indian camp became more and more irksome. Reuben had been the only prisoner captured at the fight at Pocasset, and the savages prized him accordingly. Unceasing was the vigilance with which they watched their prisoner. At last Metamora returned from his northern expedition, and took up his quarters in the swamp to await the approach of the whites.

Reuben was now in despair. If he had not been able to

escape when surrounded only by the women and old men, how could he hope to achieve freedom when the swamp was thick with Indian warriors?

"Oh Maud, Maud!" he cried, in agony, "shall I ever see your face again?" Bitter were the thoughts of the young man.

"I might as well have died by Fitzarnold's pistol-shot!" he cried, "as to linger out my life here, a captive in the hands of the red-skins. I suppose I am intended for the torture-stake by these devils. I am afraid that I shall never set eyes on Maud Goddamin again."

As Reuben lay on the couch in the little wigwam that served as his prison, indulging in these gloomy thoughts, a tall Indian walked into the lodge, and without ceremony seated himself on the floor by the side of the captive.

"How white brave feel now?" asked the Indian.

"As well as can be expected, chief, considering that I am a prisoner in the hands of your people," answered Reuben, quietly.

The Indian then surveyed the leggins and moccasins of Reuben, with a look of curiosity.

"Why does white chief wear Indian dress?" asked the savage.

"I am a scout—one who fights the red-men in the red-men's way," answered the young man.

"White brave know. Plymouth scout?" said the Indian, curiously.

"Yes, I am one of his warriors," replied Reuben, wondering at the savage's knowledge of Enoch Andrews.

"Big warrior—Plymouth scout," said the brave, gravely. For a moment he remained silent, apparently in deep thought. Then he spoke again:

"Metamora here now—many warriors—fighting-men many as trees in forest. White chiefs up north—many warriors too—come to fight Indian king in the swamp of Musquash." "Plymouth scout?"

Reuben's heart gave a great bound at the news. The colonists, then, were advancing to attack the Indians! If the attack was successful, it would probably give him freedom.

"Forest King, though, more braves than pale-faces. Is the

white chief well? Is he strong?" asked the Indian, suddenly.

"Yes," replied Reuben, astonished at the question.

"When the sun goes to sleep, let the white chief be as watchful as the wolf that howls in the forest. Let him hear like the owl and walk like the wild-cat. Agawam is a Mohegan, and his heart warms to his white brother."

Hope sprung up in the heart of the helpless prisoner: help was at hand.

"Trust me, chief," he said. "I shall be watchful."

"Good! Let my brother sleep not," cautioned the Indian; "let him make believe sleep like the fox when he waits for rabbit. When the night comes, then will come Agawam the Mohegan. He will cut the cords that bind the white man. He will lead him by the panther's paths through the swamp to the long-knives." And then the Indian departed, leaving behind him hope and joy.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SURPRISE AT MUSQUAPOAG.

LONG seemed the hours to the helpless prisoner in the Indian wigwam, till the shade of night descended upon the earth and covered wood, plain and tangled swamp alike with its mantle of inky hue.

But at last the darkness came. The hum of the Indian camp was hushed into silence. Sleep was upon the Wampanongs. The sentinels upon the outskirts of the camp kept vigilant watch, lest the pale-faces should attempt a surprise by night, for the colonial troops were encamped in the woods to the north of the swamp, waiting for the daylight to come to advance to the attack.

The white troops had been handled with exceeding skill and caution.

Captain Church's generalship, so far, had proved the wisdom of those who urged his appointment to the command of the expedition.

The Indian captive, though informed by the friendly savage of the approach of the whites, had little idea that his friends were so near.

Wearily in the darkness of his prison Reuben waited. No sound without came to his ears save the croaking of the frogs in the swamp and the cries of the night-birds and insects.

As well as the scout could judge, it was near midnight when the sound of a light footfall near the door of the wigwam attracted his attention. A moment more and an Indian entered.

The warrior cut the thongs that bound the captive, and once again Reuben stood upon his feet free!

The Indian then cast a blanket over the shoulders of the young man.

"Put robe over head," said the chief, in a low, guarded voice, "follow red warrior. If Wampanoag brave see us—no tell white scout from Indian. Tread softly. Come."

Then forth from the hut went the Indian, followed by Reuben.

The McHegan had contrived to be appointed to guard the white prisoner, and so was enabled to free him.

Cautiously, through a little path in the swamp, the Indian conducted the white. They saw no signs of the Wampanoag sentries. It was evident to Reuben that the path they were following was known only to his guide. It was, as he had said, a panther-path through the jungle.

In fifteen minutes after leaving the wigwam, the two stood in the woods that fringed the swamp on the north. They were beyond the Indian outposts. The path emerged from the swamp close by the little river that formed the western boundary of Musquapoag.

"Can the white chief follow the path that he has come back to the wigwams of Metamora?" asked the chief, after they had gained the friendly shelter of the wood.

"Yes," replied Reuben.

"It is good," said the savage, with an air of satisfaction. "The white chief will find the pale-faces encamped in the forest there," and the Indian pointed to the east. "Let the white brave go to his brothers—lead them by the panther-path to the wigwams of the Wampanoags. They must be

as the wild-cat when he steals upon his prey. If the pale-faces are cunning they can come upon Metamora in his sleep and strike him to his death." There was an expression of ferocious joy in the voice of the Indian and in his dusky face as he planned the surprise of the Forest King.

"I shall remember," said Reuben, who saw at once that if he could lead the colonists to the heart of the Indian camp without alarming the savages, it must inevitably result in the complete defeat of the Wampanoags, and, of course, of great honor to himself.

"Good! let the pale-faces use the cunning of the fox and the claws of the panther." Then the red chief again entered the swamp.

Reuben proceeded cautiously forward in the direction of the white line. He knew that there was some little danger of his being mistaken for an Indian by the white sentinels and shot without warning.

He had advanced some three hundred paces when a man rose from a clump of bushes almost at his side.

"Reuben Esmond!" cried the ambushed white.

"Enoch Andrews!" replied Reuben.

The recognition was mutual.

"Alive, by hooky!" cried Andrews, in glee, grasping the young man by the hand, warmly.

"Yes," returned Reuben; "was I reported dead?"

"Of course! Lord Fitznoble said that he had seen you fall, stricken down by an Indian bullet."

"The dastardly villain," said Reuben, in heat; "he attempted to assassinate me. I was wounded, but the ball came from the pistol of this lordling, who, some thirty paces in the rear of me, fired at my back."

"The infernal skunk!" exclaimed Andrews, in indignation.

"I fell into the hands of the Indians, and have been a prisoner in yonder swamp ever since."

"How did you escape?" Andrews asked.

"By the assistance of a savage who called himself Agawan, the Mohegan."

"I know him!" exclaimed the scout.

"He conducted me by a secret path—unknown, I think, to

the Wampanoags—from the swamp. By that path I can lead our troops right into the heart of the Indian village.”

“Metamora, then, is in our hands!” cried Andrews.

“Yes.”

“No time must be lost,” said the scout, quickly. “I’ll take you at once to Captain Church. Church commands the expedition. Lord Fitzarnold and Sir Guy Godalmin are with us; but Fitzarnold is simply as a volunteer, and Sir Guy has given the command to Captain Church.”

“When I return to Plymouth, I will call Fitzarnold to an account for his attempt upon my life,” said Reuben, as the two proceeded onward through the wood. “He must either meet me in a fair and open fight, or I’ll post him throughout all New England as a coward and an assassin.”

“If you succeed in leading this party to Metamora’s stronghold and beat him, there is no military office in the gift of the colony that they will refuse you. Metamora has chilled the whole heart of New England with dread, and mothers frighten their babes to sleep with his name.”

Andrews conducted Reuben to Captain Church, who had bivouacked at the foot of a large oak, without any other shelter than that afforded by the branches of the tree.

Eagerly Church listened to the story of the escape of the young scout.

“You say that you can lead a party by this secret path to the center of the swamp without being discovered by the red-men?” asked Church.

“Yes, captain,” answered Reuben.

“By Heaven! if you can do so, we can exterminate these Indians,” cried Church, whose able mind saw at once how decisive such a surprise must be.

“If I might suggest,” said the Plymouth scout, “let Esmond have my scouts and some fifty of the Massachusetts men, who are all good Indian-fighters, for the surprise, and at the same time you, with the rest, attack the savages in the front.”

“The plan is good,” said Church, after a moment’s thought. “It shall be carried out. If we succeed in destroying these savages, Esmond, you may claim any reward you like from the colony. Metamora’s head is worth a thousand pounds,

and it will be through you alone that the Indians are placed in our power."

The arrangements for the attack were soon made. At the head of the Plymouth scouts and the Massachusetts Indian-fighters—the stout men of Boston, of Salem, and of Saco—Reuben Esmond went; while Captain Church marshaled the rest of his force in warlike array, ready to attack the Indians in the front when the sounds of carnage proclaimed Esmond's surprise of the Wampanoag camp.

Cautiously as the wild-cat steals upon his prey, the young scout led on the Indian-fighters. They gained the center of the swamp without discovery. They seemed like so many grim phantoms, as, with rifle in hand, they glided along in single file through the mazes of the swamp. Ere long the wigwams of the sleeping Indians appeared before them.

With a yell that rung upon the ears of the surprised Wampanoags like the knell of doom, the whites dashed upon their prey.

A little watch-fire burning by one of the lodges gave hands into the hands of the white men, and soon the blaze of the burning wigwams added new horrors to the scene.

The Indians, surprised in their sleep, rushed forth to be shot down by their merciless foes. Captain Church, with the main body of the colonists, had advanced to the attack at the first sounds of conflict.

Though surprised and attacked in the very midst of their camp, the red-men fought bravely. For a full hour the battle raged on. The Forest King, in the thickest of the combat, seemed to bear a charmed life. Many a rifle drew "Lead" on him, yet no white man's bullet struck the chief.

Vain was the struggle. Foot by foot the savages gave ground, though still contending desperately.

"At 'em again!" cried Sir Guy, waving his long rapier, dripping with blood, and flashing crimson in the red glare of the burning wigwams, while his gray hair and beard streamed wildly in the air.

Metamora, with some twenty warriors, was retreating as if to gain the shelter of the swamp behind. Sir Guy led on a small knot of the colonists—among whom was Lord Fitzernell—intent on taking the red chief. Boldly the whites

dashed upon the band of the Forest King—bitter was their reception.

With a swing of his powerful arms, Metamora crushed in the head of Sir Guy, with the butt of his rifle. With a shriek of anguish, Goldania went down upon the earth, dead! Fitzmitch, pressing forward to avenge Sir Guy's death, was struck by an Indian arrow, and fell to the ground by Sir Guy's side.

The colonists, awed by the fall of their two leaders, paused in the attack. The Indians gained the swamp, and then each brave for himself took refuge in hasty flight.

The fight had been long and bloody, but the victory was complete, though the loss of the colonists had been fearful. But, the end was achieved. The power of the Wampanoags was broken, and Metamora was a fugitive.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS.

IN the wigwam of Metamora at Mount Hope, sat the chief upon a couch of skins. Gloomy and sad was the face of the warrior. His rifle, stained with blood—the gore of the dreadful fight—lay across his knees.

By the side of the Forest King stood Nameokee, his wife.

These were the thoughts of the Wampanoag chief, as he reflected upon the events of the past few hours.

How the whites gained access to the very center of his camp he could not understand. The first warning of their presence had been the shout that they uttered when rushing to the attack.

"Metamora, Metamora," said Nameokee, as sadly she gazed upon the face of the chief, "thou art safe. Thou hast eluded the clutches of the pale-knees—thou art here to cheer the heart of thy Nameokee."

"The heart of Metamora can not cease to mourn," said the chief, in mournful tones; "he will be the last chief of his tribe. With him will perish the name of Wampanoag." The chief

gave vent to a deep sigh. "The braves of his tribe sleep in the swamp and in the forest, where they fell by the rifles and knives of the pale faces. Metamora has no longer a resting-place. The mighty chief of a thousand warriors is now a wanderer in the land that Manitou gave to his fathers."

"Ah, my chief," said the Indian wife, sadly, "am I not a sharer in your wanderings? Am I not with you to soothe your sorrows?"

The heart of the red-man's wife clung as closely to him in the hour of defeat and danger as it had done when Metamora was king over all New England, and was driving the whites before him like chaff before the wind.

"Bless thee, Nameokee," said the chief, fondly, "thou hast ever proved thy love."

"You are my chief—my lord. Your fate is my fate." Nameokee spoke proudly.

"But, why should you share the dark fate of Metamora?" asked the Wampanoag brave. "Seek the colony, and ask the protection of the chief, Winslow. His heart has always been kind to the red-man. He will protect the wife of Metamora."

"Why should Nameokee seek safety?" exclaimed the wife of the red chief. "Her life is bound up in that of Metamora. Life would have no joy where he is not. She will stay and die with him."

"No, Nameokee, it can not be," replied the chief, "the pale-faces thirst for my blood only, and I will not seek thy life."

"My chief, think not that they will spare any of thy race!" cried Nameokee. "Besides, I can not leave thee."

"Away, Nameokee!" exclaimed the chief, rising to his feet; "the pale-faces will soon track the panther to his lair. Away ere it is too late."

"Kill me, but do not drive me from you!" cried the Indian wife in agony.

"Nameokee," said Metamora, sadly, "thou art the sole remaining tie that binds me to earth. I can not bear to see thee perish by the knives of the maddened white skins, when they discover our hiding-place. Your presence unman me and makes me like a child. The pale-faces will scorn me and I would show them how a Wampanoag meets his death. You must away."

The agony that shook the stout heart of the Wampanoag chief was terrible. Death itself could not have inflicted greater torture, than this parting.

"If Metamora drives Nameokee from him she will rush upon the knives of the pale-faces when they advance, and die at his feet," said the Indian wife, and the air of determination with which she uttered the speech told plainly that she would keep her word.

"My own Nameokee!" said Metamora, proudly. "Thou shalt have thy wish. I will not drive thee from me."

At this moment a warrior rushed into the wigwam; the blood was streaming freely from a terrible gash upon his naked breast.

"Metamora!" cried the Indian, "save thyself! The white-skins are advancing!" And then the brave dashed forth, and sought safety in flight.

The report of distant shots reëchoing through the forest told the chief plainly that danger was indeed at hand.

"Why should we wait the coming of the pale-faces?" cried Nameokee; "let us fly!"

"Flight is in vain!" exclaimed Metamora; "we are in the snare of the white hunters, who will soon strike their prey."

Again to the ears of the Indians came the sounds that denoted the near approach of their dread enemy.

"The white-skins come!" cried Nameokee in terror.

"Ay, the white snakes are again in the thicket, in the grass and in the leaves!" exclaimed the chief, wildly. "But the last blood of the Wampanoag shall not beg nor bow to the pale-faces!" And forth from his girdle, Metamora drew the keen-edged hunting-knife, and let his rifle fall to the ground.

"I understand!" cried the Indian wife; "strike thy knife to thy heart. I would not survive thee!"

"Canst thou look death calmly in the face?" questioned the chief. "Is thy heart firm? Hast thou no fear?"

"There is no bitterness in death at thy hands," said Nameokee, bravely; "strike boldly!"

"Kiss Metamora!" cried the now dethroned king, in a voice full of anguish. "Turn thy face toward the spirit-land. Let thy pure thoughts ascend to Manitou, for thou wilt soon be in his bosom."

Metamora raised his arm to strike, while Nameekee knelt to receive the death-stroke. There was no fear in the face of the Indian woman.

For a moment the chief looked into the calm face of the kneeling woman, and then his resolution failed him. He dropped his arm in despair.

"My arm is palsied," he cried. "I can not strike!"

More shots rung out on the air, followed by the triumphant shout of the advancing whites.

"Why does Metamora hesitate?" asked the heroic wife. "Strike, while I offer a prayer to Manitou for thy sake."

Again the shout of the whites rung on the air.

"They come!" cried Metamora, in despair, "and shall *she* live to be their slave?"

"The heart of Metamora is too weak!" cried the undaunted woman; "let him be a man and *strike!*"

The cries of the pale-faces came nearer and nearer.

"Manitou receive thee in his bosom!" cried the chief, wildly. Then, with his powerful arm, he drove the long knife to the heart of the wife of his bosom.

A single convulsive groan, and the Indian woman sunk on her face, dead, at the feet of the Wampanoag chief.

For a moment, Metamora gazed upon the body of the wife he had loved so well. Then, with a cry of despair, he thrust the long knife, dripping red with Nameekee's blood, back into his belt, and snatched his rifle from the ground.

"Now, cursed pale faces!" he cried, "death to him who stands in the path of Metamora!"

Forth from the wigwam rushed the Forest King. Captain Church and the scouts were already firing, not three hundred paces distant. A shout went up from the whites as they beheld Metamora rush from the lodge.

The balls of the colonists rattled thickly around the chief, as, with a yell of defiance, he ran rapidly toward the woods to the south. Now, as in the fight, Metamora seemed to bear a charmed life. Not a single ball had touched him.

"He will escape!" cried Church, in anger, as he beheld the savage nearing the wood. And Church was well aware that, once within the shelter of the thicket, it would be no easy matter to capture the savage.

Metamora felt that there was a chance for life. Exultingly he rang out the war-whoop of the Wampanoags, when, forth from the forest before him stepped the Mohegan, Agawam.

"Dog of a Wampanoag, prepare to die!" he exclaimed.

"What mean you, Namattah?" cried Metamora, still advancing.

"Namattah no more!" cried the chief, "but Agawam, the Mohegan! I love the singing-bird, Nameokee; I have betrayed you to the white-skins!"

"Dog of an Indian!" exclaimed Metamora, fiercely, "Nameokee has gone to the spirit-land; her blood stains my knife—"

The Mohegan did not wait to hear more, but with a cry of rage, fired. The shot tumbled Metamora upon his knees. Agawam advanced with a yell of triumph. With a mighty effort, Metamora raised his rifle and fired. Agawam, the Mohegan, shot through the heart—his yell of triumph choked in his throat by the death-rattle—fell forward on his face, clenching the earth in the agony of death.

With a shout of exultation Metamora greeted the fall of the man that had betrayed him. 'Twas the last sound that ever came from the lips of the red chief.

In a last effort to struggle against the death so rapidly approaching, the Indian staggered to his feet as if to confront the foes that surrounded him; then he fell heavily to the ground, dead.

The Forest King was no more.

Six months after that dreadful night in the swamp, Maud Gresham became the wife of Reuben Esmond, captain in the colonial service, and a man honored throughout all New England. Reuben, the bravely wounded, embraced the earliest opportunity to leave the colony—thus escaping the retribution which the great power was in store for that assassin's shot in the woods at Ponesset.

The lovely Maud, though she had lost a fond father in that last struggle for the colony's life, regained a treasure worth more than life—her own honor, and the hand of him who held her heart's purest affections.

Great was the rejoicing, and hilarious the merry-making over the nuptials! The staid Puritans, for a day, seemed to drop their masks and to let human nature assert itself; and none were more hilarious than Enoch Andrews, the Plymouth scout.

THE END.

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